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## CONTENTS OF VOL. XXX, NO. 1

### July, 1932

PAGE

NOTES AND COMMENTS ..... 5

FRAGMENTS ..... 11

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S FORBEARS ..... 12

CHUANG-TZE, II ..... 17

LETTERS FROM WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, V ..... 27

WAR MEMORIES, XVI ..... 39

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME ..... 49

CONVENTION, 1922 (REPRINT) ..... 56

T. S. ACTIVITIES: CONVENTION REPORT; LETTERS OF GREETING ..... 58

REVIEWS ..... 88

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ..... 95

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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

HARVARD COLLEGE
MAY 1 1933

# NOTES AND COMMENTS

## JULY, 1932

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### A Deluded Cock and a Very False Dawn

TWO books were recently recommended to us, by one who firmly believes in his ability to speak for the intelligentsia of the day, as being so penetrating and profound as to herald the dawn of a better understanding of human nature and the inauguration of a new and truer sociology. To watch the coming of the dawn, on whatever plane it is witnessed, is an experience whose appeal and wonder never lessens; but we had heard too many heralded, both at midnight and full noon, to be much impressed or particularly hopeful, especially as the two authors in question were very well known and did not seem to us at all likely to have departed so far from their regular orbits as to have become bright stars of the morning. Nevertheless, since we aspire (from a safe distance) to keep a watchful eye on the intelligentsia, we bought the books: Mr. Aldous Huxley's novel, *Brave New World*, and Mr. H. G. Wells's *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*. We are moved to warn others against a like folly.

### "Brave New World"

The ostensible purpose, and we imagine the origin, of Mr. Huxley's book is such as to command the sympathy of students of Theosophy, who have long found reason to dread what the world desires. He takes as a text a quotation from the French of Nicholas Berdiaeff, which points out that Utopias now appear much more realizable than has heretofore been thought, so that we find ourselves faced with the agonizing question as to how their descent upon us may be avoided. They are altogether too realizable; and as the world presses toward them we are perhaps drawing near to an age when the intellectual and cultivated will no longer dream of Utopias, but of means of evading them and of returning to a society "less perfect but more free". It is of such an age and of such dreams that Mr. Huxley purports to write, the jacket of the book telling us that it is "A witty and wickedly satirical novel about the impending Model T

Utopia that does fantastic things to such old-fashioned ideas as motherhood, death, fear, love, and happiness."

Perhaps, as we have begun with the jacket, we can also end with it. It is patently intended to present the reviewer with usable quotations; and we shall ourselves feel the cleaner if we do not again have to open the book's pages. There are extracts from reviews: "A challenge and a warning to the world". "A healthily provocative book." "Slashing and wicked." "Excellent reading for those not too easily shocked". There is a rather extended quotation from the book itself, part of a talk to some students by "His Fordship Mustapha Mond, Resident Controller for Western Europe".

"'Try to realize what it was like to have a viviparous mother. . . .'

"'Try to imagine what "living with one's family" meant'.

"They tried; but obviously without the smallest success.

"'And do you know what a "home" was?'

"They shook their heads.

"'Yes', said Mustapha Mond, nodding his head, 'You may well shudder'.

"'Our Ford—or Our Freud as, for some inscrutable reason, he chose to call himself whenever he spoke of psychological matters—Our Freud had been the first to reveal the appalling dangers of family life. The World was full of fathers —was therefore full of misery; full of mothers—therefore of every kind of perversion; . . . full of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts—full of madness and suicide.'

"'Fortunate boys!' said the Controller. 'No pains have been spared to make your lives emotionally easy—to preserve you, so far as that is possible, from having emotions at all.'

"'Ford's in his flivver', murmured the D. H. C. 'All's well with the world'".

Our abridgment is much expurgated, but it will serve.

We should not ourselves have called such writing "witty"; but it is undeniably rather "clever", and of all literary qualities "cleverness" seems the most sought and enjoyed to-day. Mr. Huxley's "cleverness" is made manifest on every page. It has enabled him to see, with clarity, that the Utopian dreams, in which our age indulges, are the reflections of its appetites, and crave a social order where sensual desires might be gratified unrestrained, and unavenged by aftermaths of pain. It has enabled him to depict, in vivid colours, the loathsome degradation of all human things and relationships that would result, could such a Utopia be achieved. It has barbed his satire, and shown him on every side a mark at which it can be sped. But with all of this, his cleverness has not been able to furnish him with any safeguard against the dangers that inhere within itself, and which have so defeated whatever purpose he may at first have had, as to make his book an offence to decent minds.

We have little doubt that Mr. Huxley and his admirers would feel that he had been complimented were his reviewers to class him with Bernard Shaw or Anatole France; but to the student of Theosophy, or to any mature experience which, reaching out to the wholeness of life, has touched its realities, the pursuit of cleverness for its own sake must appear degrading. The names which

exemplify such pursuit do not stand for an enviable order of intelligence, nor for a comprehension of human nature such as may be gained by rising above it in self-conquest. Rather do they tell of something immature, or sub-human, in their possessors, something which as yet belongs to the mere raw stuff from which human nature may be formed, and which bores and penetrates into its ingredients from below. Their view is the "worm's eye" view. It is as though they had not yet learned to live upon the wholesome bread of life, but must, like maggots, turn for food to mouldy flour. We all know that there is a satire that can make for righteousness, piercing the joints of armoured wrong, or scourging evil in defence of right. But satire that so relishes itself as to have lost all thought or memory of moral purpose, and which is directed indifferently to good and bad, sparing nothing and defiling all it touches, such mocking has within it the malice of sub-human things,—of elementals or imps of hell, or of the street gamin, "showing off". Behind it, using it, is the Essence of Evil, but it itself scarcely reaches to the moral plane. The writer of the blurb on the jacket dignifies the book too much when he (three times) calls it "wicked": "wickedly satirical", "wickedly fantastic", "slashing and wicked". It is just the small boy being "smart" and trying to shock,—the very nasty little boy, with his uncanny ability, wherever he goes, to find and exhibit something hideous and unclean. Yet whether "wicked" or "nasty", the fact remains that Mr. Huxley is not a pleasant companion; we close the book no wiser than we opened it, but with a sense of having waded in filth and of badly needing a bath. He is typical of the "clever" man, whose cleverness goes to his head like wine, and, like wine, unconsciously to himself reveals his nature. There are thousands like him, who think that wit can excuse all, disinfect all,—and who are very sure that they are witty. So Anatole France and Shaw and their legion of little imitators. So Mr. John Erskine, smearing the vulgarity of his own mind and approach to life over the sweet and beautiful stories that are the heritage of our race; so Mr. Aldous Huxley bathing his readers in the indecencies of his imagination; and the reviewers crying out "How clever", "How amusingly horrifying", "How penetrating and revealing".

Faugh! The very thought of them brings the stench from the open sewers in which they fish. But doubtless, in the course of æons, they, and others, will grow up.

### "A New Education for a New Time"

We turn from Mr. Huxley to Mr. Wells with a sigh of relief. Mr. Wells is what he has always been,—only a little more so with each new book, as he grows older and hardens in the grooves of mental and emotional habit. His name trails adjectives like a comet's tail; but "indecent" is not among them, and one can at least keep one's self-respect by disagreeing with him, and not have to scrub him off one's mind with antiseptic soap. Fertile, ingenious, imaginative, provocative and provoking, perverse and superficial, illogical, dogmatic and conceited; sentimentalist, socialist, theorist, materialist, with an unequalled gift for misrepresentation and false simplification, for drawing

realistic pictures of what has no reality, and projecting the image of himself upon the screen of his surroundings, so partisan and prejudiced, so narrow and bigoted, that he has made himself definitely blind to all he does not wish to see, on the wrong side of nearly every important question,—he presents his thought so glamorously as to make it rival the limpid light of truth itself. It has been suggested that it might be truth if applied to something else—if the titles of the books were changed—if Mr. Wells would only be explicit in telling his readers that, whatever title he may have chosen, he is still always writing about himself. So the author of *A Subaltern's War* remarks of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* that it ought to have been called *Mr. Wells Does Not See It Through*, "since it reflected nothing but the weakening of the author's resolution"; and doubtless even *The Outline of History*, which is neither outline nor history, could be made accurate if it were entitled merely *Mr. Wells's Notions upon the Subjects Treated*. We should select the same title for the present work, which Mr. Wells himself finally decided to call *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*.

He considers it "slighter and even more provisional" than *The Outline of History*, but adds that, "Its claims are enormous; let there be no mistake about that. It represents all current human activities and motives—all and nothing less. . . . It will have failed of its object so far as any particular reader goes if that reader does not find his own niche clearly indicated in this descriptive fabric" (p. 25).

It is not probable that many students of Theosophy will feel that their own activities and motives are at all accurately represented by what Mr. Wells has to say,—though they may indeed find their outer occupations as "butchers or bakers or candlestick makers" touched upon in his encyclopædic pages. His approach to life is the very opposite of ours. Though he makes it clear that he considers himself of the true priestly class, his god is only immanent in him, never transcendent. It is, in effect, himself that he worships: his own image, in himself and in mankind. In the whole universe he sees nothing higher than man; and argues that even should there be such, it is of no practical concern to him or to the theme of his book. He sees everything as arising from the slime; nothing as descending from above. "The one mind, common to all individual men", "the oversoul, in which all souls are one", "the possessions" that are "possessed by all pure souls equally . . . the special property of the whole only when united",—all in which mysticism and religion have found the true "work, wealth and happiness of mankind" to lie, Mr. Wells rejects wholly from his thought. He grants that mystery exists; but he grants it only to dismiss it, not from life, but from thought.

"It is impossible to dismiss mystery from life. Being is altogether mysterious. Mystery is all about us and in us, the Inconceivable permeates us, it is 'closer than breathing and nearer than hands and feet.' For all we know, that which we are may rise at death from living, as an intent player wakes up from his absorption when a game comes to an end, or as a spectator turns his eyes from the stage as the curtain falls, to look at the auditorium he has for a

time forgotten. These are pretty metaphors, that have nothing to do with the game or the drama of space and time. Ultimately the mystery may be the only thing that matters, but *within the rules and limits of the game of life*, when you are catching trains or paying bills or earning a living, the mystery does not matter at all" (p. 83).

To us it seems that it is precisely when one is confronted with the "paying of bills" and the "earning a living", that one is forced to realize how profoundly the "mystery" of what lies behind life, and such comprehension as we may have of it, do matter to us. Why does one pay one's bills? Why *earn* a living? Is there anything more determinative of a man's nature than whether his answer to such questions points to an outer police force, or to loyalty to an inner sense of right? Is not a man's philosophy of life of very special moment to his creditors and employer? Yet one gathers from Mr. Wells's pages that there can be only one practical answer. To him it all comes back to the outer police force; for even where he sees the inner sense of right to be the compelling motive, he explains it as but the memory of the policeman's club,—a racial memory of primitive "taboos". That is the essential evil in all of Mr. Wells's later work—since he abandoned his purely and frankly imaginative fiction. He is capable of seeing the good; capable even of helping you to see it more clearly; but only to explain it away; only to present it so that it will appear the foolish and the outworn.

As was to be expected, the postulate of the "primitive man" is given a very prominent place. The effort is to trace everything from him. For the origin of human society: "This taboo . . . may have been the foundation of real human society. It made it possible for father and sons and sons-in-law to endure each other" (p. 50). Of morality: "The psychoanalysts trace the moral conflict in our minds back to its roots in these primordial prohibitions and suppressions, without which social life could not have existed" (p. 51). Of religion: "The prestige of some old men outlived them; they haunted the dreams of the tribe; their strength and their influence were invoked; medicine men saw them in visions, undertook to speak for them, and the first tribal gods were evolved" (p. 51). Of industry: "The dawn of economic history shows us humanity already busy upon the job of putting the work on to someone else" (p. 51).

On the jacket of the book, in letters only less large than those of title and author, it is described as "A New Education for New Times". How will this new education fit the new time to deal with the age-old conflict between the good and the evil? between the hungers of the animal and the aspiration of the spirit? To ask that question is to see Mr. Wells as an instrument in one of the most sinister movements of the age. Behind the common little cockney, the sentimental socialist, the tired pacifist and superficial theorist, behind the brilliant imagination and gift of persuasive writing, works the mocking, menacing figure that symbolizes sin; and it matters not at all that Mr. Wells himself does not see him there, nor know what it is that is using him. It matters no more with Mr. Wells than with Mr. Huxley. There is no being neutral in

the warfare of life; and as the Christ warned men long ago, "He who is not with me is against me."

We wish to be done with Mr. Wells; but we cannot dismiss his work without pointing out that for all these assertions regarding "taboos" and "primitive man," for all the explaining away of man's recognition of the laws of his own soul, there is not one least shred of evidence. It is all assumption—and most of it very silly assumption. Consider this for example: "Children of three or four will say quite confidently [because they have been told it] that the world is round and that the year goes from summer to winter and from winter to summer; and it is hard to purge these ideas from one's consciousness and imagine an adult mind without these particular assumptions. But the world of the early men was flat and went on for ever, and the weather changed, grew hotter and colder, snowy or rainy, sere or green, *and it was only the very oldest and most observant who could have had a chance of noting any established rhythm in these phases*" (pp. 46 and 47). The italics are ours. If these words mean anything at all, they mean that Mr. Wells is supposing that man became man while still shorter lived or less intelligent than a squirrel, or the beaver, or any of the host of animals that make provision for the winter season. Such supposition is sheer nonsense; yet is no worse, only more obvious, than the rest.

And at the end, what does Mr. Wells offer us, or what has he gained for himself? "What have we to put into the scale against this presentation of the whole human adventure, as nothing better than a freak of chance, flung up in the incomprehensible play of forces for ever outside our understanding, and destined to be reversed as casually and wiped out of being altogether? So far as our powers and knowledge go, we have nothing. We are forced back upon something more fundamental than knowledge or reason; the innate inevitable *faith in itself* that every healthy conscious being must necessarily possess" (p. 894).

The italics are again ours. In all the wide universe there is nothing in which he can have faith save in himself. He himself (and while he is in health) is the only evidence he can see that good may endure: "We are unable to believe that the universe that has evoked the will to live in us can be without will. We can no more believe the universe insane by our measure of sanity and altogether indifferent to our urgencies than we can prove it sane" (p. 894). This is from the next to last page of the work—the summary with which he leaves us—the doubt that is given us as our only ground of hope.

Mr. Wells has disclaimed any desire for life beyond death. He has said that he strutted to no such immortality. But not even Mr. Wells has said that he does not strut.

# FRAGMENTS

AGAIN I heard the Voice, which said: Lift up thine eyes and see: and I saw, through mist and semi-darkness, a sullen, oily sea heaving from its depths; and as, in increasing volume, it gathered to the shore, short waves curled white an instant, like the flashing teeth of an attacking beast.

A murmur of sound came out of the sea, the murmur of an angry mob bent on destruction. It was a sound from far away, as of long past ages, gathering momentum from these periods of time,—the forces of unregenerate, wilful man, urged on by the Dark Powers who were preparing to unleash them.

We stood, a handful, on the shore to resist them.

The Voice said: God gave men peace and they died of it, gutted out like dripping candle-ends in the gusts of their own desires. So God gave them war, and they rose, briefly, to heights of heroism in the flames of sacrifice, only to sink back into unspeakable degradation of cowardice,—their own ashes. Now, saith the Lord, let the dogs of hell devour them. Open the iron gates, and set the minions of Pluto free, that the world at last may know that I am ruler over hell and heaven, and hold those who deride me in the hollow of my hand.

We stood, a handful, on the shore to resist them: and one of us said in answer to the Voice: *Even so, we stand;* for are we not the Battalion of Death, and having died already many deaths, in agony and flame, what have we to fear?

And still we stand, O Masters of life, of death and of eternity, O glorious Brotherhood of the Great Lodge,—we, dust and nothingness in your great Presences, stand and shall stand, though the sea engulf us and the lightning fall and the fiends of hell devour us: and when the seas have receded in their appointed time, and the stars shine once more in serenity above us, you shall find us standing as before, eyes front, heads erect, hearts unshaken!

Again I heard the Voice, which said: Lift up thine eyes and see: and again I saw the Armies of heaven marching across the sky and the great Saint Michael leading; and as they marched, with pæans of martial music, I saw their banners dip and the flash of swords, as the Battalion of Life saluted the Battalion of Death in passing.

CAVÉ.

# MADAME BLAVATSKY'S FORBEARS

THROUGH her grandmother, Princess Dolgoruki, Madame Blavatsky was descended from Prince Yuri Dolgoruki, that is, Yuri the Long-armed, who founded the city of Moscow in the year 1147, and was its first Tsar. Yuri Dolgoruki claimed descent from the Varangian Viking Rurik, who was invited by the Slavs to come to Russia with his kindred in the ninth century, and who, accepting this invitation, established in Russia law and order and a strong line of rulers. For centuries after the founding of Moscow the Dolgorukis played a great part in Russian history. Under that furious reformer, Peter the Great, a Prince Dolgoruki was the leader of those who opposed the Western innovations which the Emperor imposed on his subjects; this Dolgoruki was exiled for his recalcitrancy, and particularly because he refused to shave his patriarchal beard in conformity with Peter's fashion. Another Prince Dolgoruki held the rank of Major-General under Katherine the Great; another of the line, also a direct ancestor of Madame Blavatsky, was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Madame Blavatsky's grandmother, Princess Dolgoruki, was the last descendant of the elder line. She was a remarkable woman, tall, and with a magnificently formed head. She was a student of natural science, and especially of geology and botany. When the famous English naturalist and traveller, Sir Roderick Murchison, travelled in Russia and the Caucasus, he was her guest, and, if the memory of the writer be not at fault, Sir Roderick named in her honour a fossil shell which he discovered in the deposits of the Perm district, which gave its name to the Permian period of geology. Princess Dolgoruki married General Andrei Fadeyev, for many years Governor of the Saratov district on the lower Volga. This frontier territory was largely inhabited by sectarians who refused to acknowledge the Russian Orthodox Church, and by Kalmyks, who were dependents of Buddhist Tibet. The sectarians refused to accept the potato, then something of a novelty in eastern Russia, alleging that the "accursed root" must be evil because it is nowhere mentioned in the Bible. Wishing to introduce the heretical but useful tuber, General Fadeyev had recourse to guile. He had potatoes planted in an enclosed garden and proclaimed the sternest penalties for whoever should touch even one potato. As with their first ancestor, the lure of forbidden fruit was not to be resisted by the sectaries, and potatoes were soon spread far and wide through southeastern Russia. The former Princess Dolgoruki lived to a great age. In her later years she suffered a stroke of paralysis which deprived her of the use of her right arm. She was in the midst of a series of botanical studies and, undeterred, she learned not only to write with her left hand, but also drew and painted admirable studies of botanical specimens. A few years ago, several volumes of this manuscript botany

were still extant. The future Madame Blavatsky, while she was still Helena Petrovna Hahn, paid childhood visits to the majestic grandfather and the benign, learned grandmother, with her parents and her younger sister, Vera Petrovna, who has recorded these visits in her charming book for children, *When I was Little.*

General Fadeyev and his wife had four children. A son, Rostyaslav Andreivitch, won fame in the wars of the Caucasus, gaining the rank of General, and later earned renown as a distinguished military writer. He was for some years military adviser to the Khedive Ismail of Egypt. There were three daughters, Helena Andreyevna, Ekaterina Andreyevna and Nadyejda Andreyevna, to give the Russian style of patronymic following the Christian name, the latter being almost invariably the name of a saint. It was the custom to celebrate the saint's day of translation with ceremonies and gifts, as a more important birthday for the child. Helena Andreyevna Fadeyev and her daughter were thus named in honour of Saint Helena, mother of Constantine. According to Eusebius, Helena visited Palestine after her conversion, building a church at the traditional site of the Ascension, and another at Bethlehem; she was later said to have recovered the True Cross, whose authenticity was vindicated by a miracle of healing.

Helena Andreyevna Fadeyev married Colonel Peter Hahn, a distinguished artillery officer, and had three children. The eldest, Helena Petrovna—once more to give the Christian name and patronymic—was later to become Madame Blavatsky. The second daughter, Vera Petrovna, became a popular Russian author, one of whose many books has already been mentioned. The third child, several years younger than the two sisters, was Leonid Petrovitch.

Helena Andreyevna Hahn was a distinguished writer of stories, so that the great Russian critic Belinski called her the "George Sand of Russia." She died in her twenty-ninth year, in the summer of 1842. She was, therefore, only twenty-six when, in 1840, she wrote two stories, *The World's Verdict*, and *The Judgment of God*, from which are taken the two following passages which describe the life of the inner self, and the golden threads of Karma running through human lives. When these passages were written, the future author of *The Secret Doctrine* was a child of nine, but it is not difficult to see that she was profoundly influenced by the thought and character of her gifted mother.

In *The World's Verdict*, the hero of the story, after a great moral upheaval, thus records his experience:

". . . The fog which, up to that time, had lain heavy on my intelligence, was dispersed. . . . Like one who had been blind, and from whose eyes a great physician had removed a cataract, I was beginning to see. The world gradually opened before me, new, unexpected: the world, not of phantasies, but of beautiful truths, of exalted fervour, of refinement, of poetry, of all that makes the soul of man nobler and happier. How reverently I entered into its mysteries. How proudly I rose from the oppression of my own insignifi-

cance, until at last, like a man reborn, I looked on the world of God. Everything within me and around me was transformed. For the first time I became conscious of the beneficent and active intelligence within me, of the power of my will and the sense of beauty, and, in my rapture, I bowed down in the dust before the Almighty, having come to understand the wonderful perfection of our creation, the problem of our being, and the supreme destiny of man. . . . It almost seemed as if my soul, freshly born into being, illumined the whole world with the beauty of its own rays, and the world, warmed by the warmth of my soul, answered to the touch of its first ray by heavenly harmonies, like Memnon's statue.

"Formerly, I had been ignorant of the just pride of the consciousness of self, and, in spite of my self-love, and of what I called my independent ways, I was a perfect slave to what men thought of me. Many a time I acted against my own conviction, from a pitiful rivalry with my comrades. . . . Formerly, I had not even suspected the existence of that comfort which the Lord grants to us in our inner, ever wakeful self;—not in that self which is the vain caterer to man's desires, the restless glorifier of his achievements, real and imaginary, which, in its everlasting discord with conscience, has no existence except on the tongue, deafening the ears of everyone with stories in which it alone can find delight; but in the stern Argus and judge which is subject neither to the rule of the world nor to the decrees of fate; in the unswerving, incorruptible guardian of the seed from heaven, God's parting gift as we enter life, which, if not smothered by tares, or devoured by birds of the air, is to grow and ripen in the heart of man until it becomes his support in depression, his peace and contentment in the midst of bitterest calamity. . . ."

*The World's Verdict* is not connected in plot or construction with *The Judgment of God*, nor were they, as their titles might suggest, designed as complementary to each other. Their unity comes from the inner spirit of the author, and both describe the mighty, invisible things of the interior life in the same sincere and inspiring way, because both truly record the author's spiritual experience. Here is a brief passage from *The Judgment of God:*

"Certain events impressing themselves on my mind when I was but a little child, left in me a leaning toward the supernatural. I do not mean the supernatural of concrete, material nature, but the inner feeling of our spiritual existence. It is not that I have superstitious beliefs; it is more correct to say that I believe in realities that can only be felt. A visitor from beyond the tomb could not frighten me, and I do not think that I should grow pale at mysterious groans or laughter in the small hours of the night. But I do believe in the secret Providence which binds together the lives of human beings and guides their perceptions; I believe in the stirring of unaccountable loves and hatreds, as the invisible threads which stretch and stretch, sometimes winding themselves into wonderful network, but always leading man to the inevitable goal marked for him by supreme predestination. And if the Lord said that not a hair of our heads should fall without His will, are we to suppose that the activities of our spirits, strong and potent as they are, were

not calculated, distributed and directed toward something our weak intellects cannot foresee?"

It may well be that there is, in these passages, an echo of the philosophical mysticism of France, for tradition records that among the forbears of Madame Blavatsky's family there were French ancestors also, of the ancient and distinguished house of Duplessis. Belinski may have been right in suggesting a French element in Helena Hahn's writings. Madame Blavatsky's younger sister has given, in the book already mentioned, a very attractive picture of their gifted mother:

"I can no longer remember how we left our grandmother [the former Princess Dolgoruki] and made the return journey. I can only recall that we were in a different place, where my grandmother and our other relations were no longer with us. Officers were always coming, whom I did not know. One of them, very tall and with a red, pointed moustache, claimed to be my father. But I was unwilling to recognize him as my father, and rebuffed him. . . .

"I remember also that my mother was a great sufferer, but that she spent long hours writing, behind a partition covered with green cloth. The little nook behind this green barrier was called mother's work room, and never did either my elder sister Lyolya [diminutive of Helena], nor I, venture to touch anything in that room, which only a curtain separated from our own. At that time, we did not in the least understand what our mother could be occupied with, in this retreat in which she passed whole days. We only knew that she was writing at her table, but we did not in the least suspect that she was working there to earn money to pay our tutors and governesses. . . .

"When the weather was bad, I took my station near a window, and happily gazed out at the great square on which were taking place the military exercises which my father directed, with several officers under his orders. I immensely enjoyed watching the soldiers manœuvring to the sound of drum and trumpets, and seeing the big guns hurried about on wheels which thundered as they moved, while my father galloped on his fine horse, giving orders, with animated gestures. . . .

"During the following winter our mother suffered still more. The doctor forbade her to give much time to her writing, and she spent her evenings with us. She seated herself at the piano, and my young governess, Antonia, undertook to teach my sister to dance. . . .

"Then, suddenly, I do not remember how, we went to a large and beautiful city. . . . I learned later that this city was called Odessa, and that my mother had gone there for medical care. . . .

"My elder sister, four years older than I, was already studying industriously under the guidance of two governesses, and was also studying music with our mother. But that poor mother was daily losing strength, though she still worked as hard as before. At last she had to yield to the insistence of our grandmother, who invited us to come to her, to Saratov, to seek a more thorough treatment. The expectation of this journey caused my sister Lyolya and me the greatest delight.

"It was night. Our closed coach swung gently from side to side. Worn out by the long journey and weary of looking for a city which never appeared, we were all half asleep. My sister and I were lulled to sleep by our smooth progress over the snow, by the whistling of the wind, and by the monotonous cries of the coachman encouraging his horses. My mother alone was not asleep. She held me on her knee, her well-beloved little one, with one hand holding my head pressed against her breast, seeking to protect me against the jolting of the coach. . . .

"All at once I was wakened by a more vigorous jolt, and an intense ray of light, shining in my face, made me blink my eyes. . . .

"Our coach passed through a great stone gateway, and stopped before the brilliantly lit steps. . . . A lady, tall and stately, with an expression of kindness and sweetness, clasped my mother in her arms; only later did I recognize her as my grandmother. . . . The tall, thin gentleman in the gray frock-coat came toward me, took me in his arms, and, kissing me several times, put me into my grandmother's arms. It was only then that I knew he was our grandfather. . . . With intense enjoyment I drank my hot tea and attentively studied the big portraits of gentlemen and ladies that hung on the wall opposite me . . ."—portraits of the forbears of Madame Blavatsky.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

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*Heroism is the brilliant triumph of the soul over the flesh, that is to say over fear; fear of poverty, of suffering, of calumny, of illness, of loneliness, and of death.*

*There is no real piety without heroism. Heroism is the dazzling and glorious concentration of courage.*—AMIEL.

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*The Buddha said: "It is not I, O Bhikkhus, who quarrel with the world, but the world which quarrels with me."*—SAMYUTTA NIKAYA.

# CHUANG-TZE

## II

### The Way of Man and the Way of Liberation[1]

*Without going forth, one can understand all that takes place under the sky; without looking out of the window, one can see the Way of Heaven. The farther one goes out from the Self, the less one knows.*—Lao-Tze.

"THE Tao does not reward men for their own accomplishments", said Chuang-Tze, "but for what Heaven accomplishes through them" (XXXII, 2). This sentence points to the difference between the two "Ways" of Taoism, the Way of Man and the Way of Heaven.

The Way of Heaven is "the great submission to the course of Nature". By Nature is meant the principle and purpose underlying the manifestation of the Universe, the law of ordered, cyclic growth which is said to be obeyed by all creatures, with one exception. Unregenerate man alone has tried to fabricate an independent existence outside the course of Nature. He has invented a little private world of his own, raising a barrier of self-will between it and the great world beyond. It is this malformation of elemental human consciousness which the Taoists call the Way of Man.

"It is the Way of Heaven which is the Lord; the Way of Man is the servant." Nature works slowly but without intermission for the regeneration of the human race. When such a regeneration occurs in a human life, a Master of the Tao is born and a new measure of individuality is added to the immortal consciousness of the Universal Spirit. The Sage works with Nature and not against her, for in his being the powers of Nature attain a perfect expression and fulfilment. "The Master is a companion of God and seeks his enjoyment in the formless condition of Heaven and Earth. . . He finds happiness in the business of doing nothing on his own behalf. . . He stands aloof from other men, but he is in accord with Heaven. Hence it is said: 'The small man of Heaven is the superior man among men; the superior man among men is the small man of Heaven' " (VI, 11).

The Taoists had no respect for what is generally called civilization, which they regarded as the blind alley into which the Way of Man leads its victims. What they denounced was the false civilization which isolates man from Nature and perverts his sense of values. Doubtless, our modern world, with its concerns and shibboleths, would appear to them as nothing but the manifestation of a vain and rebellious spirit. It could scarcely be otherwise, for they defined true civilization as the refinement of consciousness.

This explains Chuang-Tze's hostility to the Confucianist scholars. The essence of Confucianism may be described as the cultivation of loyalty and of the sense of duty, but many Confucianists had confused loyalty with outward

[1] Cf. Theosophical Quarterly, April, 1932, pp. 303-312, art. "Chuang-Tze: The Way of Heaven."

conformity, and duty with ritualism. Chuang-Tze had no sympathy for a civilization which he believed to be saturated with the idea that man can be made perfect by rites and ceremonies and moral pronouncements. Moreover, he could not tolerate the self-complacency of the Confucianist *Literati*, who assumed that they had exhausted the possibilities of spiritual evolution when they had learned by heart the *Five Classics* and the *Four Books*. It seemed to him an outrage against the Divinity latent in the human being, that men should thus deliberately stultify themselves.

However, Chuang-Tze was tremendously impressed by the figure of Confucius. He found it hard to reconcile the bigotry and scholasticism of the Confucianists with the evidence that Confucius himself was a sage. Only one conclusion appeared possible,—that the *real* Confucius was never known by his disciples. "When Confucius was in his sixtieth year, his views changed. What he formerly held to be right, he then concluded to be wrong; and the things which he then held to be right were those which for fifty-nine years he had regarded as wrong" (XXVII, 2). According to a Taoist tradition, Confucius in his old age became a mystic, a devotee of the Way of Heaven and tried to teach the Way of Liberation from the Way of Man; but he failed, for his disciples did not understand him and preserved for posterity only the dead-letter of his teaching.

Chuang-Tze has recorded an incident which may have marked a turning-point in Confucius' life. It is contained in Book XXXI which bears the title of "The Old Fisherman". The story has such poignancy and charm, quite apart from its pertinence to our subject, that we repeat it here at some length.

Wandering in the forest of Tze-Wei, Confucius and his disciples came to a pleasant terrace beneath which flowed a stream. They stopped to rest beneath some apricot trees near a shrine, while Confucius took his lute and sang to them. An old fisherman hearing the chant came towards them from the bank and stood watching Confucius. His beard and eyebrows were turning white; his hair was uncombed and his cloak dishevelled. He waited until Confucius had finished his song; then beckoning to two of the disciples and pointing to the Teacher, he asked: "Who is he?" One of the disciples replied: "That is the Superior Man of Lû." "Of what family is he?" "Of the Kung family". "And what is the occupation of this Mr. Kung?" The other disciple then spoke: "In his conduct he manifests benevolence and righteousness; he cultivates the ornaments of ceremonies and music; he pays special attention to the relationships of the people; he seeks the transformation and uplift of all classes of the people, his object being to benefit the kingdom." "I understand", said the stranger. "He must be a great ruler possessed of territory, or a prime minister". "No", replied the disciple. "He is neither a ruler nor a prime minister". Then the old man began to laugh and said: "In that case, he is embittering his mind and wearing out his body to no purpose".

The disciples returned and repeated the conversation to Confucius who was astounded, and rose, saying: "This man must be a Sage"; and he hastened after the old fisherman who had returned to the shore and was loosing his boat from its

moorings. When he saw Confucius, he waited; and Confucius, coming forward, bowed twice to him. "What do you want with me, Sir"? asked the stranger. Confucius replied: "I am inferior to you, my Master. I have ventured here to wait for your instructions, and I shall call myself fortunate if I may but hear the sound of your voice". "Ah!" responded the fisherman, "How great is your love of learning!" Confucius again bowed twice and said: "All my life I have cultivated learning; but I have not had an opportunity of hearing the perfect teaching. In humbleness of heart and without prejudice, I take the liberty of requesting you to speak."

The stranger said: "Birds of the same note respond to one another,—such is the ordinance of Heaven. . . You occupy yourself with the affairs of men. Now, Sir, you are neither a monarch nor a feudal lord nor a prime minister nor even a petty official, and yet you take it upon yourself to regulate ceremonies and music, and to give special attention to the relationships of society, with the object of transforming and uplifting the various classes of the people. Is this not an excessive multiplication of your business? To assume the duties of others is one of the eight defects of human nature. When one has put away the eight defects, then, and then only, is he capable of being taught. . . Very difficult, Sir, is it to make you understand. There was once a man who was afraid of his shadow, so that he ran to escape from it; but the shadow ran after him. He ran on and on without stopping, until his strength left him and he dropped dead from exhaustion. Alas! Had he but stayed in a shady place, his shadow would have disappeared. And you, Sir, use your mind all the time as that poor man used his body. You think and think and think about benevolence and righteousness. If you had earnestly cultivated your inner nature and had carefully guarded from defilement your proper truth, you would have escaped so many entanglements and external concerns. And what is a man's proper truth? It is sincerity, in the highest degree;—without the purest sincerity, how can one expect really to move others? If a man must force himself to weep, it is not real sorrow; if he must force himself to show affection, it is not true love. True grief, though it be soundless, is yet sorrowful; true love, though unsmiling, is yet affectionate. When there is truth in the heart, it acts outwardly as a spiritual potency; and this is why we deem it so precious. . . As regards rites and ceremonies, these are rightly prescribed for the common people; but the proper truth of a man is a gift from Heaven, and its operation in his nature is spontaneous and incessant. Therefore, the Sages do what is necessary, for this is their duty, but they do not subject their inner natures to the restrictions of man-made customs, nor do they change their will as these customs change; for they receive their law from Heaven and keep clear the paths of spiritual vision. They are complete and individual. Alas, for you, Sir, that you have been steeped in the hypocrisies of men, and have been so late in hearing of the Great Way!"

Once again, Confucius bowed twice, and said: "That I have met you to-day, Master, is as if I had the happiness of going to Heaven! If you be not too ashamed of me, but will let me be as your servant and will continue to teach

me, tell me, I pray, where your dwelling is." But the stranger was saddened and replied: "There is the saying: 'If it be one who can walk with you, enter with him into the most subtile mysteries of the Tao. If it be one who cannot walk with you, take care that you do not try to lead him, and you will incur no responsibility.' Do your utmost, Sir! Now, I must leave you, I must leave you." With these words, he shoved off his boat and went away among the green reeds.

Confucius remained standing on the bank, waiting until the wavelets were stilled and he could no longer hear the sound of the fisherman's pole. Then he returned to his disciples. And one of them was scandalized by what he had seen. "For many years, Master," he said, "I have been your servant, but never have I seen you treat another with the awe and reverence which you have just shown. I have seen you in the presence of a Lord of ten thousand chariots, and always your manner towards him was reserved and proud; but to-day this old fisherman stood erect before you with his pole in his hand, while you bowed your head before him, as if you were a suppliant and an inferior. Was not such reverence excessive? Your disciples will all think it strange."

Confucius turned to the disciple and sighed: "Difficult, indeed, is it to change you! For years you have been trained in propriety and righteousness, and yet your mean and servile heart has not been taken from you. Do you not know that if you meet one older than yourself and do not show him respect, you fail in propriety? If you see a man of superior wisdom and goodness, and do not honour him, you lack the true characteristic of humanity. Because that fisherman is, in truth, such a man, we should reverence him. If our reverence be insincere, we shall not attain the truth, and shall inflict a lasting injury upon ourselves. Moreover, the Tao is the course by which all things should proceed. To obey it is life. Therefore, wherever the wise man finds the Tao, he honours it. That old fisherman surely possesses it;—how could I presume not to show him reverence?"

This story illustrates, better than any disquisition, the fundamental differences between orthodox Confucianism and primitive Taoism. The Confucianists argued that one can acquire any quality by persistently acting *as if* one already possessed it;—hence, their insistence upon the careful performance of rites and ceremonies which have been tested by the long usage of the centuries, by the immemorial experience of mankind. Thus, a son might feel no spontaneous grief, when his father died, but if he faithfully carried out the funeral ritual, it was assumed that the ritual itself would awaken in him the appropriate sentiments which it symbolized. The Taoists, also reasoning from experience, asserted that Confucianism reversed the true process, that unless the qualities of the heart be first awakened by inward means, rites and ceremonies serve only to conceal their absence. When his inner nature is awakened, they said, the son's grief will be as spontaneous as any of the movements of Nature, and the appropriate rites for his father's death will merely provide an objective form or vehicle through which he can decorously express this grief.

One might suggest that in their polemics the Confucianists and the Taoists were both right and both wrong. The point is that their respective doctrines are not really contradictory but complementary. Confucius was preëminently a moralist, building upon the safe and sound basis of ordinary human experience and tradition; and Lao-Tze was a mystic, testifying to the intuitional powers and creative ardours of the soul. A student of Theosophy ventures to believe that these two men of such diverse genius were both agents of the Great Lodge and that they were expected to coöperate. If we accept Chuang-Tze's interpretation, Confucius did coöperate with Lao-Tze. According to this interpretation, Confucius' system of ethical discipline was primarily intended to prepare his disciples for the reception of the Taoist doctrine, and on several occasions, he tried to instruct his disciples in the rudiments of pure Taoism. . . Chuang-Tze says that the disciple Tze-Kung once asked Confucius why he professed preference for the Way of Heaven and yet followed the Way of Man. Confucius replied: "I am under the condemning sentence of Heaven" (VI, 11). Did Confucius mean that he had been definitely commissioned to refrain from mystical teaching, or as Chuang-Tze hints, do these words imply that Confucius blamed himself for the failure of his disciples to respond to his higher instruction?

One cannot properly understand the Taoist method of liberation, unless its complementary relation to the Confucian system be appreciated. The Taoist view of purification and self-discipline was necessarily valid only for the man who had already accomplished the measure of self-control which Confucius prescribed. In other words, only decent people could hope to make any progress upon the Way of Heaven. Other qualities were equally essential, but decency was a *sine qua non*. Taoism bears no resemblance whatsoever to the "immoralism" of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. What may be called the real or esoteric doctrine of Taoism could only be received by a disciple from a Master who had authority to give instruction,—an authority not derived from any human appointment but from the actual quality of his consciousness. As the Old Fisherman told Confucius, "birds of the same note respond to one another". The Master of the Tao would not and could not teach anyone whose nature was not, in a definite degree, conformed to his own.

Therefore, the Taoist Way of Liberation often seems to be the reverse of practical, just as the virtues of the Taoist Master appear strange and superhuman to the man of the world. The language of normal human intercourse is ill-adapted to describe such things, and it is no wonder that Lao-Tze and Chuang-Tze, like other great mystics, were forced to resort constantly to paradox and circumlocution.

We read in the sixty-seventh chapter of the *Tao-Teh-King:* "I have three precious jewels which I prize and hold fast. The first is gentleness; the second is economy; the third is shrinking from taking precedence of others. With that gentleness I can be bold; with that economy I can be liberal; shrinking from taking precedence of others, I can become a vessel of the highest honour. But in this age men give up gentleness and try vainly to be bold; economy, and try

vainly to be liberal; the hindmost place, and try vainly to be foremost;—of all which the end is death."

There are obvious analogies between this passage and many sayings of Christ. Both the Western Master and the Eastern Sage regarded humility as the most fundamental of the virtues. Chuang-Tze's commentaries upon the *Tao-Teh-King*, therefore, have an immediate, practical interest for the Christian, for by meditation upon them the Christian may discover unsuspected depths of meaning in the teaching of his own Master. There is no reason why the doctrine of correspondences should not be applied with profit to the study of "comparative religions".

Chuang-Tze represents humility as the key-note of the consciousness of the Sage. The man of the world automatically thinks of his personal self as the central reality of his universe. In his more generous moods, he is inclined to attribute equal reality to the personal selves of others; but in one form or another, the general notion of "personality" as a thing in itself is always present in his thought. On the contrary, the Master of the Tao thinks of all personalities, including his own, as unreal, or—more accurately—as non-existent on the plane of Reality. He does not deny the fact that he has a personality as he has a physical body, but he regards both personality and body as instruments to be used by his Real Self which is distinct from them. They are as distinct from this Self as the garments which he wears or the house where he dwells. Chuang-Tze's conception of the Real Self has frequently been compared to the doctrine of the Higher Self in the Upanishads and the Mahayana Buddhist scriptures, especially as regards his insistence that the individual Self on its own plane is not a separate entity but an undivided fragment of the Tao, the Universal Self. The influence of Buddhism seems also to be apparent in his definition of the unreal as the transitory and the changing. But though the forms in which he cast his thought may have been derived from Indian sources, he tinctured them deeply with the colour of his own genius. So he may have used the magnificent concepts of Indian metaphysics to make clear his own view of what is meant by the humility of a Master. No one else has ever expressed more emphatically the connection between humility and the power of discernment between the Real and the unreal. Thus, the aspect of humility which he stresses most often, is not self-abasement or self-effacement, as these are commonly understood, but the positive recognition of the non-existence of the lower personality beyond the boundaries of human fancy.

"As fishes breed and grow in the water, so man develops and grows in the Tao. The fishes, staying quietly in the pool where they were born, are fed by Nature; so, developing in the Tao, men do nothing for themselves, and Nature secures their happiness. Hence, it is said: 'Fishes forget one another in the rivers and lakes; men forget their personal selves in the arts of the Tao' " (VI, 11).

"A disciple asked a Master: 'Can I get the Tao and hold it as my own?' The Master replied: 'Your body is not your own to hold; how then can you get and hold the Tao?' The disciple asked: 'If my body be not mine, who possesses it?' The Master said: 'Your body is the substantial form entrusted to you by

Heaven and Earth. Also, life is not yours to hold. It is the blended harmony of the *Yang* and the *Yin* [the positive and negative forces in Nature] entrusted to you by Heaven and Earth. Your animal soul is not yours to hold. It is entrusted to you by Heaven and Earth, and its actions are not your actions. . . Therefore, when we walk, we should not know where we are going; when we stop and rest, we should not be aware of it; when we eat we should not know the taste of our food;—for all these things are brought to pass by the strong activity of differentiated energy upon the various planes. If you can hold neither your body nor your life nor your animal soul, how can you get and hold the Tao (which is the Universe)?" (XXII, 4).

"The strong activity of differentiated energy upon the various planes" recalls the *Trigunas* of the Sankhya philosophy in India,—*Sattva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*, "the inherent qualities of differentiated matter", the interaction of which produces all phenomena. Like the Sankhya theory of manifestation, Chuang-Tze's view of causation is open to a materialistic misinterpretation. He did not mean that the bodily life and the personality are incidental effects of the interplay of inanimate forces. Differentiated energies, from one point of view, are phases of the *Yin*, the negative, *Prakritic* aspect of the Tao. They bear the imprint and reflect the states of consciousness, the will and desire and wisdom, of the *Yang*, the positive, creative power of the Tao which corresponds to the *Purusha* of the Sankhya School. The free action of the differentiated energies was regarded by the Taoists as absolutely essential to the adequate development of the vehicles through which consciousness expresses itself. The most that even the Sage can do is not to interfere with that free action. Positively affirming the union of his spirit with the Great Tao, he detaches his sense of identity from each vehicle as it is evolved. It is in this sense that he is said to hold nothing as his own.

With characteristic humour, Chuang-Tze suggested that we are most likely to be acting conformably to Nature when we do not know what we are doing. The context shows his meaning clearly enough. He believed that our instincts, our powers of perception and action which are intended to translate the general will of Nature, have been perverted, because for æons we have used them self-consciously for the gratification of personal desires. We must get rid of the notion that these instincts and powers really belong to us. As Chuang-Tze was always saying, men forget that they do not own Nature, for Nature owns them, and their efforts to improve upon Nature are as ineffectual and as confusing as would be the efforts of a disciple to instruct his Master. The actions of the Sage are sure and proper, because he uses his powers in accord with the purpose for which they have been entrusted to him. He has purged his consciousness of all personal desires, save one,—the desire to coöperate with Nature.

Like St. Francis of Assisi, Chuang-Tze had no patience with those who make a profession of "knowledge". He was as certain as it is possible to be, that unregenerate man can never truly know anything. Many of his arguments have a modern sound, recalling the pragmatism of William James and the intuitionalism of Bergson. The mind, he asserted, is an instrument that pilots

the body around the world with considerable success, when it is left alone, but when used for purposes alien to its nature, it is an incubator of illusions. Self-satisfaction and egotism are continuously reënforced by the tendency of the unregenerate man to regard his mind as a receptacle of ultimate truth. Chuang-Tze was convinced that even though a man may have all the virtues ever imagined by moralists, nothing can be done for him until he admits his mental helplessness in the presence of Reality. Chuang-Tze would have delighted in Socrates' remark: "One thing I know, that I know nothing." Not only in China, but elsewhere, men cling to the notion that if they can describe the appearance of a thing and give it a name, they have somehow discovered its essence. It is not necessary to be a Taoist to sympathize with Chuang-Tze's denunciation of this fallacy. Knowledge of the essence of things is attained, he said, by those who follow the Way of Heaven, but this true knowledge is founded upon mystical experience and not upon a course of intellectual gymnastics.

"By inward fasting and vigil, you must clean and purge your mind, wash your soul white as snow, and sternly repress the idea that you know anything. The subject of the Tao is deep and can hardly be described. . . Those who seek the Tao are strong in their limbs, sincere and far-reaching in their thought, acute in their hearing, clear in their seeing. They exercise their minds without becoming weary; they respond to everything aright without regard to place or circumstance. The most extensive knowledge does not embrace the Tao; reasoning will not make men wise in it,—the Sages have decided against both these methods. . . Even the most clear-sighted do not meet with the Tao,—it is better to be silent than to reason about it. The Tao cannot be heard with the ears,—it is better to shut the ears than to try to hear it. This is what is called the Great Attainment" (XXII, 5). "He who uses only the sight of his eyes is acted upon by what he sees; it is the Spirit that gives the assurance of certainty. Yet people stupidly rely on what they see, and will have it to be the truth. Therefore, all their calculations pertain only to what is external" (XXXII, 14). "The Sages have no knowledge of 'first principles'. They occupy themselves 'ignorantly and vaguely' with those things which lie outside the dust and dirt of this world" (VI, 11).

"There came a time when the Sages who ruled the first races of men no longer shed their light upon the world. Then the Tao and its characteristics ceased to be regarded as uniform. Men in different places got glimpses of it, and each boasted of seeing it as a whole. Thus there were many schools and teachers. Every school had its peculiar excellence and served its purpose; but none covered the whole range of truth. Each school was as limited in its vision as a scholar who offers his explanation of all the beauties of Heaven and Earth, and professes to understand the principles underlying all things and to explain the virtues of the great Ancients. Seldom is it that such a one can embrace the essence of true beauty or can rightly estimate the ways of those who are spiritual and intelligent. The students who succeeded the Sages no longer saw the undivided purity of Heaven and Earth. The great scheme of Truth possessed

by the Ancients, the system of the Tao, has been torn in fragments which lie scattered under the sky" (XXXIII, 1).

The seeker for Truth, like the lover of Beauty, never rests content with any form, however perfect, for he knows that this form is only the sheath of that which is more perfect still. Always, "the Luminous is produced from the Obscure; the Multiform from the Unembodied; the Spiritual from the Tao; and every body from the invisible essence within a seed. . . How deep is the Tao, like the sea! How invincible is the Tao, ever beginning anew when it has come to an end!" (XXII, 5).

Chuang-Tze compared the life of the aspirant to the state of waking from sleep. Most men dream their lives away; only the Sage is fully awake. "Those who dream of pleasure may weep in the morning; those who dream of sorrow may in the morning be going forth to hunt. When they were dreaming, they did not know that it was a dream; only in the morning did they know this. Even so, there is the Great Awakening when we shall know that this life was nothing but a great dream. All the while, the stupid think that they are awake, and with nice discrimination insist on their knowledge; now playing the parts of rulers and now of grooms. You are all dreamers; Confucius was a dreamer; and I who say this am dreaming myself. These words seem very strange; but if after ten thousand ages we meet the Master who can interpret them, it will be as if we chanced to meet a friend in the morning after we have risen from sleep" (II, 9).

How is the Great Awakening accomplished? First of all, said Chuang-Tze, there must be the "fasting of the mind". "Maintain a perfect unity in every movement of the will. You will not wait until you hear with the physical ear, but will seek to hear with your mind. You will not wait until you hear with your mind, but will seek to hear with the spirit. Let physical hearing rest in its place. Let the mind's function be the verification of what is proposed by the will. The spirit alone is free from all preoccupation and awaits calmly the orderly succession of events in Nature. Where the Tao is, there is this freedom from all preoccupation and strain. Such freedom is called the fasting of the mind. . . In acting after the manner of men, it is easy to fall into hypocrisy; in acting after the manner of Heaven it is hard, indeed, to play the hypocrite. To follow the Way of Man is to try to fly without wings. I have heard of the knowledge of the wise; I have not heard of the knowledge of the unwise. Behold that window—through it the chamber is filled with light. Even so, in the windowed mind felicitous influences come to rest, as in their proper dwelling-place. What rest can there be for the man whose body alone is in repose while his mind is galloping everywhere? When the information that comes through the senses is comprehended inwardly, and at the same time the Self views the mind as an external thing,—then the Spiritual Intelligences will make their abode with us. Thus we shall exercise a transforming influence upon all things. This was the procedure of the first Emperors" (IV, 2).

The elevation of the centre of self-consciousness above the mind is accomplished by an inward "movement of the will". To be effective, however, this

inward movement must be accompanied by an outward movement directed towards the control of action. To use Mr. Judge's phrase, the seeker of the Tao trains himself to "do nothing for the lower self alone".

"The life of the Master is like the action of Heaven. He responds to the heavenly influences and moves as he feels the pressure. The spirit of man goes forth in all directions, flowing on without limit, reaching to Heaven above and wreathing the Earth beneath. Its name is the Divinity in man. When the path of pure simplicity is followed, he who treads that path becomes one in consciousness with the Divinity in man" (XV, 2, 3). "The Sage regards what men call necessary acts as really unnecessary. Therefore, he is not at war with himself. The unregenerate man is perpetually at war with himself, because he does not discriminate between the necessary and the unnecessary. His desires mislead him and so his plans end in ruin" (XXXII, 6).

"As it is said: 'Those who know the Tao do not speak of it; those who speak of it do not know it. Hence the Sage conveys his instructions without the use of speech.' The Tao cannot be made ours by constraint; it will not come at our call. When the Tao was lost, its Characteristics appeared. When its Characteristics were lost, Benevolence appeared. When Benevolence was lost, Righteousness appeared. When Righteousness was lost, Ceremonies appeared. Ceremonies are but the dregs of the Tao, and the commencement of disorder. Therefore, he who practises the Tao, daily diminishes his doing. He diminishes it and again diminishes it, till he finally acquires the difficult art of doing nothing. *But when he really does nothing, in reality there is nothing which he does not do*" (XXII, 1).

Perhaps the following may illumine somewhat the mystery of the great paradox that the spirit is most active when it appears most still and most reluctant to act. "When Khao-fu, the Correct, received the first grade of official rank, he walked with head bowed down; on receiving the second, with bent back; on receiving the third, stooping low, he hurried along where none might see him, in the shadow of a great wall. Who would presume not to take this great minister for a model? But the ordinary man, on receiving his first appointment, puffs out his chest; on receiving the second, he surveys the world from a chariot; on receiving the third, he calls his uncles by their 'first names'" (XXXII, 11). Chuang-Tze's comment upon this little study in contrasts is significant. "When one practises virtue, he should never think of himself as being virtuous. He who thinks of himself as being virtuous loses the power of true self-examination. He does not love the good but only his own opinion of himself." The Taoist doctrine of "doing nothing" is equivalent to the ideal of disinterested action which is set forth by Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gîta*.

To be selfless and to practise good with detachment were the great objectives held before the seeker of the Tao. At a certain stage in the process of his "Self-creation", the aspirant was said to awaken from the dream of psychic life. Then he had the right to demand instruction from a Master.

STANLEY V. LADOW.

# LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

V

THE next outer event of consequence, following the attacks of the London *Westminster Gazette* in the autumn of 1894 (see the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1932, pages 238-247), was the Adyar Convention, at the end of December, 1894. It was a disgraceful performance, but served a useful purpose in so far as it helped to convince Judge's friends that to have any relations of any sort with people who could sponsor such a travesty of Theosophy, would be fatal to the work of H.P.B. and to the Society which her Masters had founded. Olcott had occupied the Chair, and, as the published reports show, had permitted Judge, who still was Vice-President of the Society, to be called every bad name that his excited enemies could extemporize. He was a "fraud", a "deceiver", a "common impostor", a "villain" and so forth. Not a word of protest from Olcott, as Chairman, or from Mrs. Besant as participant. Without a single exception, everyone present seems to have been delighted. Much of it was mere screeching, Miss Henrietta Müller—who had accompanied Chakravarti and Mrs. Besant from London to the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893—supplying a good share of it; and she was well qualified, being a "wild woman" by nature and selection, who, like Mrs. Besant, had "gone native" in India, and who used to travel with Hindu youths whom she had adopted. Bertram Keightley did his best, but his vocabulary was insignificant in comparison. Even the Countess Wachtmeister, whose psychism made her peculiarly susceptible to contagion of that kind—to mob hysteria—joined in the general chorus.[1]

It was Mrs. Besant herself, however, who, on this occasion, did more than anyone to fill us with down-right disgust; and it was not because she was abusive —she was not abusive; she displayed, and loudly displayed, all the resignation of a Christian martyr. Having attacked Judge publicly, having done her utmost to bring dishonour on his good name, and having succeeded in that to a considerable extent so far as the general public were concerned,—she now, though the direct cause of that dishonouring, paraded it as a grievance against her victim! "I am bound to tell you", she informed her audience, "that on every platform on which I shall stand, I shall be met with this difficulty as to dishonour." Then she went on (and it was this that finished us): "I will bear it, I will face it, and stand by the Society despite the difficulty". Having pilloried her "brother", she was prepared to endure, nobly, heroically, the shame of having a "brother" in the pillory!

[1] In an earlier instalment of these Letters, I said that "I never heard that she [the Countess Wachtmeister] attacked Judge". It would have been more accurate to say that anything I may have heard or known of that sort at the time, made no lasting impression on me, one way or the other. This was because, in comparison with others, she was innocuous, and, though deplorably misled, was sincere. The fact is that she issued several pamphlets and circulars, the intention of which was to injure Judge's theosophical reputation. In later years, she repudiated Mrs. Besant and resigned from the Adyar Society.

As a result of all this oratory, the Indian Convention passed a resolution "That the President-Founder be and is hereby requested to at once call upon Mr. W. Q. Judge, Vice-President, Theosophical Society, to resign the office of Vice-President." Not long afterwards, when she had returned to London, Mrs. Besant announced, jointly with G. R. S. Mead, that "If some definite action with regard to Mr. Judge shall not have been taken by the European Section before the meeting of its Annual Convention in July, we, the undersigned", shall then move that the Convention unite "with the Indian and [specially created] Australasian Sections in demanding his expulsion from the Society." The alternative was an "explanation" by Judge, such as Mrs. Besant might consider "full and satisfactory", of her charges against him, "or his voluntary secession from the Society."

After this came the Convention of the American Section, which was held at Boston on April 28th and 29th, 1895. I was not present, as it was clearly my duty to remain in London while Dr. and Mrs. Keightley were absent in America, representing a number of European Branches at the Convention. It is evident, however, from the published report of the proceedings, fully confirmed at the time by the reports of friends who were participants, that the spirit and tone of the speeches were in marked contrast to the vulgarity and licence of the exhibition at Adyar. This, of course, was due to Judge's influence and example of many years. As he says in his letter to me of May 2nd, Mrs. Besant was ignored. But the Theosophical principles she had violated were not ignored; neither were her political manœuvres. The American members had had enough; besides which they realized that the salvation of the Movement depended upon ridding the Society of those who, for nearly two years, had consistently proved their contempt for H.P.B., and for the essentials of all that H.P.B. valued, taught, and loved. Hence, when Clement A. Griscom, at the first morning's session, presented the report of the Committee on Resolutions declaring the autonomy of the American Branches under the name of "The Theosophical Society in America", the whole roomful of delegates and members rose and cheered to the echo. The enthusiasm was not only intense but passionate. This was partly because all those present knew that they were defending and vindicating Judge, as well as defending and preserving the Society.

The resolutions as read and passed can be found in *The Path* magazine of May, 1895, on page 66. Based in part upon historical and legal premises, the reason immediately preceding the major resolution was: "Whereas, conditions contrary to the principle of Universal Brotherhood have arisen within the Theosophical Society which would prove fatal to the continued existence of said Movement; therefore be it Resolved"—that the American Section T. S. then and there declare its entire autonomy.

Those of us who, with any degree of understanding, favoured this action in 1895, and who have followed the history of "residue" societies, including that of Adyar, from that time to this, could not adequately express our thankfulness that Judge had the courage and wisdom to consent to the elimination of the

gangrened elements before it was too late. The Movement, and we personally, owe our lives, in the real sense, to the action taken at that Boston Convention.

The resolutions, which were lengthy, were passed by 191 votes (of delegates) against 10, at the first afternoon session. The only personal reference they contained (except the appointment of Judge as President for life, "*with power to nominate his successor*") was extraordinarily generous, and shows how loyally Judge clung to the hope that Olcott, at the eleventh hour, might rise to the occasion: "Resolved, that the Theosophical Society in America hereby recognizes the long and efficient services rendered to the Theosophical Movement by Col. H. S. Olcott, and that to him belongs the unique and honorary title of President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, and that, as in the case of H.P.B. as Corresponding Secretary, he can have no successor in that office." That Olcott, instead of rising to the occasion, sank to it, and kept on sinking, distressed Judge greatly.

For the benefit of those who think they know all about Mrs. Tingley, even at that time—and they are many, some of them denouncing her as already a "little dugpa", and Judge as being "under her thumb"; some of them exalting her to the rank of H.P.B. or higher—it is worth noting that she attended the Boston Convention; made a short speech; that Judge glared at her with deep displeasure while she spoke and after she resumed her seat; and that at the end of the session he called her to him and rebuked her so severely that she wept. . . . And now for their proponents to fit that fact into either of the two "final conclusions", "inner lights" or "occult revelations," which I have specified!

After the Convention had adjourned, the delegates and members again assembled (April 29th, at 3.30 p. m.) "to listen to a written explanation of the charges against William Q. Judge of forging 'Mahatma messages'." Judge said his health would not permit him to read the paper himself, but that Dr. Keightley would do it for him, adding that the explanation had been purposely kept back until the final action of the Convention should be known. Dr. Keightley then read the paper, which occupied one hour and a half, to an audience which paid the deepest attention. The six charges made by Mrs. Besant were given in full and answered *seriatim*. At the conclusion of the reading there was long and loud applause, after which it was moved and carried:

"That the meeting considered the explanation perfectly satisfactory, but that, so far as those present were concerned, it was entirely unnecessary."

This explanation was printed in pamphlet form as soon as possible, and was distributed to members throughout the world, whose names and addresses were known at Headquarters in New York.

All eyes were now fixed on the Convention of the European Section to be held in London on July 4th, 1895. Judge's friends knew, by this time, that in Europe they would be outnumbered by about three to one. Those of us who had been members of the Blavatsky Lodge in London, had realized this some time before, when resolutions had been passed, in spite of our vehement protests, calling upon Judge to resign. Our answer then had been to withdraw, and to form a new Branch, called the H.P.B. Lodge, which met at 62 Queen Anne

Street under the Presidency of Dr. A. Keightley. It seemed likely that our only recourse at the coming Convention would be to take similar action. We were determined, however, to fight to the last ditch for the principles of Theosophy which Judge was so splendidly upholding. This involved making it as clear as we knew how, first, that he was upholding them, and, second, that his accusers were dragging them in the mud. As it turned out, the attitude adopted by Olcott and Mrs. Besant when the Convention met, made our task relatively easy; for Judge, as President of the Theosophical Society in America, had addressed a Letter of Greeting to the European Theosophists, in which, after referring to the action taken by the American Theosophists at Boston, he said that while autonomy would have been brought about in any case before long "as an inevitable and logical development", it had been hastened "by reason of what we considered to be strife, bitterness and anger existing in other Sections of the Theosophical world which were preventing us from doing our best work in the field assigned us by Karma". The last paragraph read as follows:

> "Let us then press forward together in the great work of the real Theosophical Movement which is aided by working organizations, but is above them all. Together we can devise more and better ways for spreading the light of truth through all the earth. Mutually assisting and encouraging one another, we may learn how to put Theosophy into practice so as to be able to teach and enforce it by example before others. We shall then each and all be members of that Universal Lodge of Free and Independent Theosophists which embraces every friend of the human race. And to all this we beg your corporate official answer for our more definite and certain information, and to the end that this and your favourable reply may remain as evidence and monuments between us."

It was a challenge. When the Convention met, Olcott as Chairman, informed the delegates that this Letter of Greeting had been received (there was no concealing the fact, as many of us had copies in our possession), but that he would not read it. "I declare the thing out of order and not admissible", he said.

Several of us jumped to our feet to protest against the chair's ruling, pointing out that it was untheosophical, unreasonable, and illegal. Mrs. Besant realized that a tactical blunder had been made, and, while referring to her ally's ruling as "perfectly just and legal", suggested that he allow the letter to be read, "and then let it lie on the table, passing it over in absolute silence so to speak"! The letter was then read, after which F. J. Dick of the Dublin Lodge quickly moved: "That this Convention do receive the communication with pleasure and do draft a reply thereto". More speeches. The plan had been to silence us, but it was not our purpose to be silenced. Mrs. Besant moved as an amendment: "That the letter do lie upon the table". This was carried by 39 votes against 13 (only delegates voting). There was but one step left to us, and that

was to raise a "question of privilege", which I now did (and still have the little book on "Rules of Order" from which this useful idea had been gleaned). Asking Judge's friends to speak with me by rising from their seats, which they did, we protested against the action of the Convention in rejecting the address presented to us by the Theosophical Society in America, thus declining to accept the hand of brotherhood which had been held out to us,—this action signifying "the final abandonment by the majority of this Section of the fundamental basis upon which we are working", which made it a farce to continue together, "since we are not working for the same object." "We protest, and I believe for the last time. We shall now leave the meeting." Whereupon a number of members marched out, headed by Dr. Keightley. We assembled again promptly at the home of Lady Malcolm of Poltalloch, an old member, and a fearless and loyal soul, whose sense of justice had been outraged by the way Judge had been treated. There we organized "The Theosophical Society in Europe", electing Judge its President,—and at once cabled to him a summary of what had happened.

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Judge died on March 21st, 1896, about fourteen months after he wrote the following letter. During all that time he was fighting consciously for his life, determined to complete, if he could, certain things he had begun,—the development of certain individuals, included. The disease which ostensibly killed him was tuberculosis of the lungs. In 1881, and again in the summer of 1882, he had spent some time in Carúpano, Venezuela, on business, and had suffered severely from Chagres fever, a malignant type of malarial fever which often leaves a predisposition to tuberculosis in its trail; but he could have continued to repel that physical attack with ease, as he had done for years, if it had not been for a far worse strain on his vitality, namely, the strain of his resistance to the efforts of the Dark Powers to kill him,—the venomous hatred of his persecutors and slanderers, *once his close associates*, supplying the lines of contact for the major onslaught. These efforts culminated during the winter preceding the Boston Convention.

NEW YORK, January 18th, 1895.

Dear E.T.H.,

I am so sick just now that I cannot send any letters. Take it all for granted.

My Chicago trip was all right and useful, but this is my ordinary death year, and hence I am just waiting until the Rubicon is passed.

So good-bye.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

I have done nothing yet about Chew Y.-T.

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With the following letter, Judge enclosed a long clipping from the New York *Sun*, quoting *The Path*, and making good-natured fun of him on account of "Mahatma messages."

NEW YORK, January 21st, 1895.

Dear Mr. Keejid né Chewsan,

A heap of yours are unanswered and I fear will not be, for I am too overwhelmed with things and correspondence. If there are any matters I must reply to, or on which you want a short indication of my idea, please adopt this plan following. When I have a lot of letters to read I get it mixed. Plan: on a piece of paper put the points, separate slip from letter, and mark it *Ques.* or "For Reply". I need just that sort of thing. Ask the others to do the same. Needn't leave room. I'll fix it to answer.

Look here. When I write I mean what I say, and not what may be inferred. So do your part to prevent inferences. I haven't had a thought of condemning anyone at 62, nor of dampening ardour. That's all inference and imagination; do all you can to arouse the idea of taking me as I write, and not by assumption. Otherwise I shall be continually bothered. —— has gone to a lot of trouble to show me that —— didn't do this and that. I don't need this. I never infer; I go on what I *know*. I've trusted everything to you people, and what greater proof can I give of entire confidence and reliance? This really is my only gloom,—that an incorrect notion such as the above should be there. But I assume it is effect of reaction and strain, and hope it will pass.

I altered the current Screen of Time and rewrote it, affixing the Chew Yu letter.

To Julius I have given the reasons and the new plan. You had better see that, so as to get the idea for all it may be worth.

We shall now have to explain and make clear about West and East, and Western Occultism—the Western wave etc.—so as to destroy the idea A.B. [Mrs. Annie Besant] is spreading that I wish to create disunion. I will try to send an advance letter about this for all. Gradually the truth as to India must come out. Plenty of stuff in K.H. ∴ and H.P.B. papers for it. So all good explanations will be wise. India is not to be "downed", but we must show the actual evolutionary importance of the Western wave.

You are all doing well and I thank you all. You must all be patient for I am walled in and have but slim cash and time. Later we will get into some real good system.

Good-bye, good love and good luck, as ever,

WILLIAM Q. J.

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On this plane, Judge was the Guardian of the whole Society, and felt deeply responsible for all its parts. He had inherited that responsibility directly from H.P.B., and it had become greater with his own continued inner growth. It was, therefore, both his duty and desire to avoid what we then referred to colloquially as "a split", so long as there was a ray of hope for his enemies. That they were his enemies, as well as enemies of the Society, complicated his task. If they had attacked and persecuted some other member of the Society, instead of himself, he could and would have acted against them, drastically, from the beginning. As it was, the initiative, under occult law, could not come

from him. He *had* to be "ordered"—one might almost say "pushed"—by other members of the Great Lodge before consenting to cut off the gangrened membership. Further, "orders" received by him directly, had to be confirmed by similar "orders", from the same source, sent to him through others. None of this has been understood or taken into account by those who have attempted to criticize his procedure at that time. They have revealed nothing except their own ignorance,—including their ignorance of the truth that to be bound by occult law is equivalent to being bound by the finer shades of honour.

Judge's friends were not bound as he was. Their duty was entirely different. Those among them who had any real insight knew well that *Judge was the Society*, just as H.P.B. had been the Society during her lifetime; they knew that to save him would save the Society, and that it could not be saved in any other way.

Some people find this principle difficult to understand. I have heard Christians say: "Christ is Christianity", and other Christians object on the ground that this ignored the Church. A student of Theosophy ought to know that it takes only one real Christian to make a Church, and that, in the same way, it takes only one real Theosophist (which implies a great deal) to make a Theosophical Society,—and that without the reality, the organism is a danger and a snare.

It followed that several of Judge's friends had advocated a "split", long before he was willing to entertain the idea. His letter of March 10th, which follows, was the first intimation we, in London, received, that he had consented finally to an "operation" on the body entrusted to his care.

March 10th, 1895.

A.K., J.C.K., E.T.H. (and others).

I have changed my plans because of information and instructions from △ in regard to an American split; and that information is being confirmed not only by reflection but also by facts. The fact J.C.K. gives about the insane proposition of Sturdy and Co. confirms. They are all mixed up and incapable of leading, and to remain tied to them means years of strife and bitterness. A.B. [Mrs. Annie Besant] is determined to destroy me, and hence we must get apart, for U.S. is the real T.S., and their rot and rioting over there under A.B. is something we must separate from. So, I am now in the split party, though I have not as yet said so openly. I have told a few only. Previously I was against talk of split, proposing that April Convention should stand for unity, after passing certain resolutions, and then see what the other two [Sections of the T.S.] would do.

This is what ∴ says: Write London and tell them to write to, or see, the different parts, and ask what steps they (such places or Lodges) are prepared to take in reference to the U.S. April Convention, not only on the question of separation and affiliation, but as well on sending delegate or delegates to America. Give them directions if they do not know.

Well, I don't think you need instructions. The more resolutions you can bring

with you, the stronger we shall be. If Europe will not delegate you—and of course you would not accept if determined to go a way it [the European Section] would not sanction—you can get some Lodge or Lodges or centres to delegate you specially to represent them. Ireland of course; Sweden and others I of course do not know about, but you will know. I suppose the form of resolution on the special point can only be that if U.S. splits, they will affiliate. But you are competent to draw that up.

The chief reason some will have for "no split" is sentimental,—a desire not to split the T.S. But it is already split, and the Sturdy thing shows what it will come to for certain. So you must meet that the best way you can. If you meet one or two *safe* persons who say that J. [Judge] was against it, you can say you have reason to believe I changed my mind.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q.

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The memorandum dated April 1st, 1895, was enclosed with a letter addressed either to Dr. A. Keightley or to me: I do not remember which. In any case, I have the original, which is in Judge's handwriting, though with occasional modifications.

April 1st, 1895 — △ For letter to ——.

Tell him that you have watched events, have waited, have given the persecutors, the destroyers of Theosophy every chance, and now the hour has come when it is no longer possible for you to remain with them. To what are you pledged? For what through centuries have you worked? For the Theosophical Movement, or, the spiritualizing of the race. That movement is now endangered by the state of the T.S., which cannot be cured by any further temporizing. The only part of the T.S. that has any theosophical vitality is the group of American Branches. It is their duty to cut themselves off, or like good apples in a barrel with rotten ones, they will be rotted. Remember the picture of the T.S. as a tree torn by the roots and cast upon an arid plain. Quite true you may keep alive this organization for some three years, but it would be a period full of bitterness and strife, ending in the ruin of the Theosophical Movement. Even now, as you know, they are trying to undermine you in your own place. By striking at you, the centre, they are striking at Theosophy. This the Dark ones know, and are pushing that poor woman [Mrs. Besant] on, while she and her friends are working for their own self-righteous ends as they suppose. The Dark ones know that such as they cannot head nor carry on a real movement. Waste no more thoughts on them; devote all your helpful thoughts to those brave souls who have stood, who have worked for Theosophy and not for themselves, who have seen through those illusions, who have not mistaken hypocrisy for truth. The others will have to be left to learn the lessons of their experience so that those may profit them in other lives under similar temptations.

New York, April 25th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Off tomorrow to Boston with A.K. and J.C.K., and so will not be able to write you much yet.

Fullerton leaves us for good on Monday and, until we get in good running order, Claude [Wright] will sit at the seat of the Recording Angel with me to supervise him. It does not seem that A.F. will ever get back. He is the victim of (*a*) narrow mind (*b*) worship of A.B. (*c*) messages received through sources unauthorized, etc. *ad inf.* The London crowd [Avenue Road] will gloat and hug themselves, but, first, it is a distinct gain for the American work, and, second, they will not (later) relish the fish they have caught. God help them both.

If Arch will remember we will devise a plan for the relief of Lucknow (62 Q. A. Street) by some alteration. Sound out carefully and see how it will go if the Council has to report direct to me. That, by increasing expense here, would take some of the funds there to here. It is but tentative.

Well, I must go. You do not need more. I am with you daily in thought.

As ever,

William Q. Judge.

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Alexander Fullerton had been a thorn in Judge's flesh for some years, though he had done useful routine work in the T.S. office. Self-assertive and invariably "off-side", Fullerton's "worship" of Mrs. Besant led him to distrust Judge, and to seek other sources of occult information. He made contact with psychics, who, like all psychics, occasionally got things straight, and occasionally crooked, and, being himself unable to discriminate, he was left in a state of hopeless confusion. The "messages" referred to by Judge in his letter of May 2nd, and in the earlier letter of April 25th, had been received by Fullerton through these sources.

As to "the proposition" to which Judge refers: during all this period, I had become more anxious than ever to work for Theosophy under Judge in America. I knew, however, that my family would disapprove, and as I dreaded telling them that I wanted to leave home permanently for this purpose, I imagined all sorts of expedients, submitting my various plans to Judge for his approval. Judge did not approve, and although, as I discovered later, he had been anxious for me to "take root" in America with as little delay as possible, he discountenanced any form of "short cut", and waited for Time to show me what to do.

There is a valuable lesson in this connection in his letter of June 14th: the man who jumps overboard in order, as he hopes, to serve the Lodge, must jump on his own initiative. He will never be told to jump. He must assume entire responsibility for all consequences, both to himself, and to those he loves or to whom he is indebted. No man yet has ever been asked to sacrifice anything—position, career, money, leisure, friendships—for the Work, by any representative of the Lodge. Only a pseudo-occultist would be capable of that. More: if the aspirant be conscious of making any sacrifice at the time, or if ever there-

after he should look back and regret what he had done, or should come to regard his decision as having been a sacrifice,—his act would necessarily be rejected as nullifying itself, and he would be written down as a failure. He must give himself and his all as the one thing in the universe he desires to do; and even "give" is misleading, for the man *takes*.

NEW YORK, May 2nd, 1895.

My dear Ernest,

I have your letter of the 17th of April.

Of course Fullerton's second message is "rot", as he has found out for himself. He is all broken up, has withdrawn from his first message, opposed our proceedings in Boston, spoken against me and left this office for good—I say "for good", because I will not let him come back.

I read at the Convention my reply to the charges, which will be printed as soon as I can get them going on it. I have no copy to send to you, but I will try to send you a copy of the resolutions adopted at Boston.

I wish you would say to those people, or any one else, not to start around attacking A.B. If she comes to their Lodge, let them do what they wish, but they ought not to go out of their way to attack her, or to defend me against her. If she could be thoroughly ignored, it would be better, but that is hardly possible. At Boston Convention she was ignored, and her name came up so little that we can't remember it at all.

As ever yours,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Just got your reply to the proposition. Let it wait. I do not think your plan of an offer from here is good. It will be a boomerang later. Better to act quite bluntly than to make an obstacle. Don't be in a hurry yet. Time will show you what to do.

Don't you think that if some Englishman were to circulate the historical sketch, or the *idea* of autonomy in England, there would be some fun in July? Olcott's office is really open; he was never elected for life, and it's his duty to call for election of himself or someone else.

As ever,

Q.

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The following letter was postmarked: Cincinnati, Ohio.

June 14th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

There was no need for me to write you because we communicate other ways. But —— wrote me now and then as if I should tell you one way or the other if you should come here. At least it read that way to me. No such responsibility should be put on me as that I must tell you to come, or be the active compeller, so to say. Each must decide such a thing for himself. And I think you know that as well as I do. I do not assume, mind you, that you have any such idea, but write about it because of what was said.

Claude [Wright] is now running the T.S. office in my absence, as it appears I shall have to stay away a considerable time. I am on the move like a pilgrim. But I am better a little each day. Been with Dr. Buck for a month. Don't give away the address. Address will remain 144 Madison Avenue for all.

What you report about the spread of ideas there on the points of autonomy etc. is good. I thought something must come of it, for all Englishmen are not like those idiots we know. It would be monstrous if no one there took up such manifestly right notions. Perhaps the July current may carry them where they didn't expect. I send an address to them [for the Convention of the European Section: see the introduction to this instalment] which will react whether accepted or rejected; and I have seen to it that Olcott is well peppered. He *may* do the right thing, but no one can tell, as he lives solely for his own skin and no more. Independent Sections is an idea that has been in his brain, and may revive. Let us hope so. He will dislike our [illegible word] but the *fact* is that he and I are the sole remaining legal officers of T.S., and both are "holding over".

Don't fret my dear. It is a crescendo demand in the case of A.B. which she will never be able to fill.

Let us forget the devils as often as possible in between the periods when it is necessary to fight them.

That sentence in N.T. [*Northern Theosophist*], "The Unity of the Theosophical Movement" etc., taken from the Historical Sketch, is from ∴. How many suspect it I wonder.

I decided not to notice the lies of that traitor Fullerton. People are tiring here of circulars and proofs. What are really wanted now, are time and work. Nothing else will accomplish much.

Say, don't use such poor ribbon on your typewriter, and don't put black deep ink on other side. It prevents comprehension of text, and it backs up one against the other when they sink through.

I hope Sweden will stick. July 5th get A.K. to cable to New York a few descriptive words. Buck and a lot of us are going to be anxious to know.

No, the Americans don't know the situation with you, and they don't want to. No time. They couldn't understand the mind at work any more than Spencer does, much as he thinks he perceives. He will have done good anyway.

Well, good-bye my dear boy.

As ever

Q.

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On July 20th I had written Judge that I had taken the plunge, had arranged matters with my parents, and was sailing for New York at an early date.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO., August 5th, 1895.

Dear Ernest,

Today, at noon, I received here yours from Barmouth of July 20th. Hence you can see you will hardly get this. It will leave tomorrow and take fourteen

days to go, which will take it to August 20th. So I will send to 144 Madison Avenue, N. Y., a letter to be held, and delivered to you on arrival.

Your questions. Dear Boy you're funny,—you make me "luff". I do not approve of such an idiotic thing as for you to stop a couple of days in New York, and then rush off 2000 miles to see me. It is right good to want to do this, and I fully feel it, but my boy it is *not wise*, and hence not duty. There is too much to be done and we must use the time well. It would waste a lot of space to come right after me. For the territory is large and you should do some of it. And quite two weeks should be spent in New York and Brooklyn. Interviews have to be managed etc. Then you should go up to Boston, if they want you after writing them, because I detached Harding from there to go to Central States. You have to renew old and make new acquaintances. If Boston doesn't want you, then there are Columbus, Dayton, Toledo and Cincinnati to be taken in, and from there to Chicago etc. I cannot now tell what is best beyond the above, and there's a good deal of work in it. After Chicago and vicinity, it may be well to make a trip to Minneapolis and St. Paul and down from there viâ Sioux City. C.F.W. [Claude Wright] knows that route. It would take you to Omaha and could go on to Kansas City or to Salt Lake. Plans for Colorado come later. If at that time I am out here, you could easily arrange it. Dismiss all precipitancy, which is "bad hurry", even though we hurry in proper cases.

Before arrival, if you get this in London, or at once on arrival in New York, you should write, with C.F.W., to Boston etc., so as to lay pipe and have your regal presence known. And of course at once to me so I may know plans. Lecture fund assists in these things.

What I want to work at is a Napoleonic propaganda at which I hoped to, but can't, assist. But Harding and Griffiths are doing part. We have to fill the air with Theosophy and T.S. in America, so that the others will wake up to find themselves *nil*. And I quite forgot. It is essential that before you go West you should go to Toronto to help, and as you are so really English! you would do good! This would cut off part of New York and Boston stay. We have to pour in force at those points where there are splits. Then on way back from there, are some places (see map).

When you get to U. S. you will probably find lots of work and invitations waiting you.

Well, au revoir,

Best love,

Y.

(*To be continued*)

# WAR MEMORIES

## XVI

### Those Last Days

As I look back over that memorable autumn of 1918, and especially to the weeks just before the Armistice, I seem to remember that everything moved with lightning rapidity, and changes came about almost overnight. That, at any rate, is what happened to our unit. One morning our doctor received notice that she was to be transferred to quite another part of the country, and before noon she had left us. A few hours later, the nurse was also transferred, being sent to a district now more in need than ours, while the other aid and I were told to report at our headquarters in Nancy, for a new field of duty. So, within the space of one short day, each of us packed her kit bag, made a hasty farewell to the good village friends, and life on our hilltop came precipitately to an end. I never saw any of my co-workers again; I never even heard what became of them—such—are the fortunes of war.

My new work, which was with another automobile-dispensary unit, was to be temporary; it was not at all arduous, and, contrary to my expectations, it proved in many ways to be vastly entertaining. I was appointed interpreter for an American doctor (a woman), who stood high in her profession, but whose knowledge of French left many things to be desired. She had known practically none when she arrived in the War-zone (nothing whatever to be ashamed of about *that!*), but, being slightly deaf, she had found it peculiarly difficult to acquire any. Yet, plucky woman that she was, she refused to be daunted, and insisting upon talking regardless of consequences or of a superfluous interpreter, I would hear her whispering sweet nothings to some frightened child, whose wounds she might be dressing: "*N'avez pour, n'avez pour,*" she would murmur reassuringly, meaning thereby: "Don't be afraid"; or if she saw tears trickling down some little face, in a soothing voice: "*Ne pluie pas, ne pluie pas.*" She might just as well have said outright, "Don't cry", in good, plain English—the unfortunate youngster would have been spared a certain amount of astonishment, and would probably have understood equally well.

When, however, it was not so much a matter of offering human consolation, as of giving concrete, medical advice, I had to keep very much on the alert, for the few words which she thought she had managed to capture were generally wrong, like a poultice misapplied, and they often got themselves into an almost unbelievable tangle, so that our dispensary was sometimes in danger of becoming a kind of side-show in a circus.

When matters took their normal and proper course, the doctor, sitting gravely at her medicine-bottle-and-ointment-box-covered table, with my humble self, in the capacity of interpreter, at her side, would, through me, interview the patient

—perhaps a stout peasant woman—who would have been placed in a chair facing us. The interview would then begin.

The doctor, in an undertone to me: "Ask her what the matter is."

I, addressing the patient with a smile which was intended to be ingratiating: "*Qu'avez-vous, madame?*"

The patient, appearing to address her answer to me, but with her weather-eye on the doctor: "*Ah, madame, que j'ai mal d'oreille! Toujours—sans cesse—jour et nuit—ah!—ah!*"

I, turning to the doctor: "She says she has an earache—all the time—day and night." And so it would go on.

Now, while the doctor knew the individual meaning of the more common words, because of her difficulty in hearing and therefore in catching their accurate pronunciation, together with the natural difficulty which many of us experience when forcing our Anglo-Saxon tongues into the finer cadences of the Latin shadings, she was capable of creating the most ludicrous situations. For to her, the words *œufs*, *yeux* and *oreilles* sounded exactly the same, and she pronounced them all like *œufs*, the most trained ear being quite unable to detect the least difference. It was not surprising that she made the first two sound alike, but how she managed to get the third involved, I never could guess, all I know is that she *did*. Being a great believer in eggs as a diet, she was constantly recommending them, and as ear and eye affections were matters of common complaint, there was plenty of room for inextricable confusion. Had she made an invariable rule of passing on her medical advice regarding egg diets, earaches or inflamed eyes through her interpreter, all would have been well, for the interpreter (myself) had become accustomed within the first twenty-four hours to some of the doctor's idiosyncrasies in French. But refusing to allow her limitations to limit her, she would, when she felt inclined, ignore all intermediaries, and plunge headlong into the giving of her professional opinion on her own account, telling the bewildered patient that it would afford her immediate relief if she would put boric acid on her eggs, or stuff her eggs full of cotton soaked in hot oil. The look of stupefaction which I used to watch creeping over the faces of some of those old peasant women was often too much for me, and "for the honour of the regiment" I found it necessary to cultivate sudden and violent sneezing fits, in order to cover my uncontrollable amusement.

"I think these Lorraine peasants are a very stupid lot," she used to say dispassionately, "they never seem to understand what anyone says to them,"—and to this day I have no idea whether this was pure effrontery or a childlike absence of self-consciousness.

My life as interpreter did not last long. I do not think I actually disgraced myself—though I skated on very thin ice many a time—but I was really not much good; anyone could fill that rôle, and I sent out an S.O.S. call for a pucka "man's job". Everything seemed in a state of fermentation, however—a fermentation of uncertainty. Rumours of an approaching Armistice had already begun to spread. These rumours were still vague enough, but they signalled a possible beginning of the end; no one could plan ahead with any assurance that

conditions would make the carrying out of those plans feasible when the time came, and arrangements made one day, would be unmade the next. Early in September, my organization had talked of opening a supply depot at Besançon, and I was to have charge of it, but as the days went on, with the Germans retreating, faster and ever faster, Besançon became rather too remote to consider as a useful centre for supplies. Then other places came up as possibilities, but no decision was reached. So my organization suggested "odd jobs" for me which, with the rapidly changing conditions, suited me admirably, and as it turned out, gave me many interesting if rather kaleidoscopic and fleeting experiences, for which I have always been glad.

I was living in Nancy at this time, and I had a tiny room in a small hotel where I left such things during my brief absences as I did not want to take with me. Of course we got air raids at first-hand here, and something was *always* hit—one night it was the actual automobile in which I had happened to be driving that very day; again it was something less seemingly personal, like the railway station, or a corner house which I often passed. All really wise townsfolk were off the streets before *couvre feu*, but some of us had night duties, and we went stumbling through the dark thoroughfares when our work took us abroad. There was always a certain pleasure in this, for Nancy itself was attractive by night as well as by day, and the beautiful Place Stanislas, with its ancient palaces, its encircling line of arches and its incomparable great gateways, had a mysterious loveliness which was wholly enchanting. But the town was literally packed with American troops (you had to go to Lunéville if you wanted to feel that you were still in France), though as a matter of fact I came very little into contact with them save outwardly, as I was officially and actually working only for the French. Nancy, however, like the Place de la Concorde in Paris, appeared to have become quite Americanized; American troops swarmed in and out, and long lines of American artillery passed through it, ceaselessly. Nancy was at fever-heat in khaki; Lunéville was serene in horizon-blue, and there was the greatest possible difference in the atmosphere of these two towns. No matter in which one you might be, however, you felt that something special was in the air; something more immediate than a future, problematical Armistice, because there had for some weeks been rumours that the civilian population around might soon be evacuated. Many, in fact probably most of us, did not know at the time just what it was all about, though we sat quite comfortably on our pins and needles awaiting events with composure; but, considering it in retrospect, I suppose it was the St. Mihiel offensive about to be launched, which gave this impression, and no doubt also, the foreshadowing of the great Metz drive, which as a matter of fact never came off, because of the Armistice. I had a number of friends in Lunéville, French officers and their families, and if I could not get there in a better way, I used to "lorry hop" over as often as I could. I liked to talk to these men—or rather, I liked to listen to them as, together, they discussed the situation, events present and future, all of them plainly on the *qui vive*. And if anyone were so mistaken as to introduce the subject of a possible Armistice, everyone promptly had the "dumps". No one could bear the idea. They

had not fought for four whole years and more, to lay down their arms tamely *now!* That prospective Metz drive had got into their blood, and nothing but a march through the "lost provinces" and on into Germany, and so to Berlin would ever satisfy them.

In the early part of the War, Lunéville had been occupied for three weeks or thereabouts, while Nancy was never entered—*Nancy l'Inviolée* it was called, proudly. The people of Lunéville never forgot this occupation; it made an indelible mark, and they were as eager as the Army for that forward drive into enemy territory. Yet they were calm, and the streets outwardly rather quiet (far quieter than in palpitating Nancy), though overhead you would often see an enemy plane sailing high in the pale azure, with the darting "*guêpes*" in pursuit, ready to "sting" it when they got near enough. Few people in the town below seemed to pay much heed to these aerial intruders, except with a shrug and a jest, and one day as I hurried along, I came upon a *poilu*, evidently a *permissionnaire*, out for a stroll with his wife. I saw them standing on the curb, like children looking skyward, and I heard the man say, with a gay exaggeration:

"*Que diable! Il y en a au moins cinquante!*"

"*Zut!*" was all his wife deigned by way of answer, but the degree of scorn which that indefinable but expressive monosyllable managed to convey, must have sent an electric current all the way to German Headquarters.

Dreadful things did of course happen, however, and one evening, not far from where I was walking, a bomb found its victim in an old, old man, as he was quietly crossing the street. I passed just as they were picking him up—all that was left of him—and as they called me, I heard his poor old voice quavering, "*Doucement, doucement,*" involuntarily, despite himself. No doubt "his time" had come in any case (he must have been nearly eighty), but like many another quiet soul, he had probably dreamed of dying peacefully in his bed at home, with his wife and children and grandchildren around him. I always experienced a feeling of wild rebellion at the futility of things like this, when they happened to the very old or the very young among the simple civilians. What good did such wanton killing do the Germans, I thought? Then almost immediately there came a saner breath—a breath of the real War—for down the street swung a regiment of French troops, mistily blue in the waning light, the men singing in clear, strong voices to the rhythmic beating of their feet, that famous marching song "Madelon", so reminiscent of the glory of Verdun, and the equilibrium was instantly restored, for in a strange way, the memory of great and noble deeds seems to transmute even futility, giving it a meaning and a purpose.

A few days before the big St. Mihiel push, it was "officially" arranged that I should be sent northwards, some distance on the road toward Pont-à-Mousson, to investigate a possible centre of future work. *Un*officially it was arranged for me to be taken on to Pont-à-Mousson itself—a favour which I did not expect. A friend in Lunéville had pulled a wire on my behalf, knowing my desire to visit that heroic and martyred little town. It was, of course, quite "out of bounds" to an errant civilian like myself, for it was constantly subjected to bombardment, and some of the German trenches were so close that, if you sped too far or too

fast along a certain street, you were likely to pitch head over heels into them. I had no ambition to pay an impromptu visit of this nature "on" the Hun, but I did very much like the idea that I could actually glare at him across No Man's Land, and from a shorter distance than had been my lot since I left Belgium. So I felt greatly obliged to Lunéville, and to that wire which had allowed itself to be pulled, and I lost no time in making my modest preparations, for we were to start the following day. Of course we (there were two of us beside our escorts) had to take our tin hats and our gas masks, and the evening before, we had an amateur gas drill—chiefly on *my* account, because it was well known that I was not to be trusted when it came to getting my mask on expeditiously. When a gas alarm sounds, you may have only six seconds in which to adjust your mask (if it is to do you any good at all!), and the kind that we had been issued was my despair—an out-of-date model, I insisted. I was the most unpardonable blunderer over the wretched business; all my fingers became thumbs, my head seemed suddenly out of all proportion to the size of the mask, so that it stuck when it was only half way on, and nothing short of a miracle would have saved me from immediate asphyxiation were I really to be exposed to a severe gas attack. This weakness of mine being recognized, my companions were taking no chances, and we had our informal drill on the rather deserted, tree-bordered esplanade in front of my little hotel in Nancy. Six seconds indeed! It took *me* nearer six minutes, and no one would give me any assurance that the Germans would be so accommodating as to wait my convenience, in case I proved too slow. The young French *sous-lieutenant*, one of our escort of the morrow, and the member appointed to officiate at the "drill", was far too courteous to be otherwise than encouraging, but he must really have felt on the brink of insanity, for I seemed to make no progress whatever, and we all got into gales of laughter, out there on the darkening esplanade.

"I'll never be able to manage this in a hurry", I exclaimed idiotically, aloud to myself. "If a gas alarm does go off, what *shall* I do?"

"Beat it!" I heard in low answer at my elbow, and turning, I saw a tall, gaunt, khaki-clad Kentuckian (that mountain type is unmistakable) who added with a broad, good-natured grin, "I reckon it's about all you *ken* do."

"Where in the world did *you* drop down from?" I asked, surprised. "You weren't here a second ago."

"No", he drawled, with cryptic brevity, "I reckon I wa'n't—well, so long!" and with vast, long-legged strides, as though he had on the seven-league boots, he disappeared into the twilight.

I turned to the young *sous-lieutenant*. I did not know how to say "beat it" in French, but I told him in words which were equivalent what my intentions were in case of trouble, and the "drill" came to an end.

The next day we started in a four-seated, grey, *service militaire* car. Pont-à-Mousson is not much more than twenty or twenty-five kilometres, as the crow flies, north of Nancy, and the road runs close to the banks of the dear, sleepy Moselle, at the foot of the long range of the high, wooded hills known as the Grand-Couronné—that line of hills which sweeps south-eastward toward Luné-

ville, and against which the on-rushing tide of the German advance was checked. It was, in fact, at a particular high spot seen from the road below, that the September invasion of 1914 came finally to an abrupt end; it was here that the French turned and formed themselves into as impassable a wall as the Grand-Couronné itself, upon which they stood. In those early days, the country-side must have worn a very different look from that which it now had, for none of the later insignia of war had yet come into being, and the shell-swept road which we were passing over with comparative safety, must have been clearly open to view, running as it did, through the low-lying meadowlands—an easy mark from the hilltops. But now, as we got farther north, this road was so heavily camouflaged that, while I had seen many "curtained roads" before, this one seemed to out-curtain them all. Miles and miles of loose-flapping, sagging, greyish canvas, draped dismally on tall poles set up at intervals along the roadside, and overhead, transverse lines of the same greyish canvas stretched banner-like, yet how unlike festivity! We moved through endless reaches of the grey unsightliness, a kind of dismal nightmare. And the dust of that much-travelled road! Clouds of dust, greyer than the flapping canvas. We passed detachments of troops, from time to time, the men with hair and caps and shoulders powdered white, even their eyelashes a heavy grey with it. Grey, grey—everything was grey within those curtained walls, and I began to feel that I was dreaming, that I was somewhere in "a land east of the moon".

In the villages we passed through, life was struggling on courageously; the women still did their now ragged washing at the village fountain; a few pale children made a pretence of playing in the streets, where ruined houses gave a precarious shelter; a dog or two wandered aimlessly about. At Dieulouard we stopped, and I made a few necessary enquiries about prospective work in the neighbourhood, and had a look in at some of the houses; then on we dashed, into the unofficial lap of our journey. The country seemed to get sadder, the farther we went, though all the time I knew that it was really beautiful. Perhaps it was the feeling of aching suspense that must have been in the very air—the suspense of all those years; the burning desire to push forward, the galling necessity to sit still, merely holding on. About five miles out of Pont-à-Mousson we came to a large sign: "*Eteignez les Lumières*"—this was about as close as lights could be used safely, and it told us that we were getting nearer to the actual front line.

We reached Pont-à-Mousson at last—that old garrison town with the great bridge which the French had destroyed, but which had once joined the two halves lying on opposite banks of the river, the temporary, wooden construction which now replaced the solid masonry, looking like a flimsy cobweb. The poor, shattered houses and torn streets, told of the countless bombardments which, for four long years, had played such havoc here. High on the hill overlooking the town from the east, stood the ancient hill-fortress—Mousson. And how many wars it had looked down upon through the centuries! To the north-west was the crest of Bois-le-Prêtre, that far-famed hill with its many thousands of heroic French dead lying buried there. Just across the river I was shown where

a section of the German lines lay. I could not see this, but I was told that sometimes when a shell fell short and landed in the river itself instead of on some house in the town, quantities of fish would be killed and would come floating up to the surface, and that the old men and women of the town, regardless of danger, would row out into the open and gather them up, in full sight of the enemy.

Twenty minutes was to be the limit of our stay, for although our visit was unofficial, it was under strict surveillance, so we had to move quickly in order to see all we could in that short time. Of course, we kept as much in the shadow as possible—uniforms are excellent targets when trenches are near—and we spoke little, and in low voices. Turning a corner suddenly, we came upon a strange-looking mechanism, above which was written, both in French and in English: "'Ware gas' alarm. Put on your respirators," or something like that, and I felt three pairs of eyes smilingly fixed on me. But I remembered the advice of my tall Kentuckian, and smiled back, defiantly. One or two shells went shrieking over our heads as we wandered around, and I think our escorts were wishing that the twenty minutes were over and their responsibilities finished; but their chief promise had not yet been fulfilled. The officer in whose charge we were knew this, and he also knew that I was not going to let him off! So at last he made a sign to an N. C. O. whom I had already noticed waiting about as it were in the offing. The man saluting, came forward instantly and, in answer to a few low words: "*Oui, mon colonel,*" I heard him say, and he disappeared. A few moments later I saw him reappear and salute again.

"Come!" said Colonel de B—. "We are going to cross an open place; please follow me closely and rapidly; do not linger, do not speak, but look to your left as you get well into the open—not far off you will see the German trenches, and if your eyes are sharp you *might* see some sign of movement in them. But I beseech you, do not speak, do not linger. Come!"

We went silently forward, at first in the shadow of a kind of arcade, which turned suddenly into a small, open square. Colonel de B— looked round at us once more, to impose complete silence, and for the first time I saw, by the look in his face, that this trip which was giving *us* so much pleasure, was costing him something. He had, of course, a sense of responsibility which we did not have—this piloting womenfolk about within the range of gun-fire was not to his liking, and I knew he would be glad when he had got us both safely out of Pont-à-Mousson.

Following him we advanced rapidly, quietly, single-file, and when we were free of the walls, I looked to the left, and there they were—they seemed within a stone's throw—the German front line trenches. The fact that I could not actually distinguish the enemy which peopled that long, thin trench, made little difference; I knew the Germans were there. I suppose it would not have been considered much of a sight to those who had lived always in close touch with the front line, but I had not been so near since the Belgian days when the advancing Germans seemed all-conquering; now, we knew them to be as good as beaten, and I was looking at them again! Had I known that within the space of one short

week they would be gone from that particular spot altogether, I should have thought even more of that fleeting sight than I did.

We got safely to the other side of the small square and under the lee of the opposite protecting arcade, and we rapidly turned a corner, and moved down a side street. But evidently we had been sighted, for we heard the crack of rifle fire, and immediately several shells came screaming again over our heads, and *this* time Colonel de B— said we must leave at once. The twenty minutes was not quite up, but he had fulfilled his promise, and I was not going to be so miserly as to exact the full pound of flesh, so we followed obediently, got quickly into the waiting car, shot forward to the accompaniment of another bursting shell, somewhere to the rear of us, and in a few minutes were safely out of Pont-à-Mousson, and speeding south again along the highroad, back to Nancy.

Colonel de B—, who had been rather more than usually stiff and military for the last quarter of an hour, now began to unbend a little, and, leaning back against the cushion of the car, he smilingly turned to me.

"*Enfin!*" he laughed; but when I protested that that one little word was capable of many interpretations, and asked him to explain, he only laughed at me again—and that was all I could ever get out of him!

A few days later came the St. Mihiel offensive and I spent a couple of days in Toul doing canteen work. How well I remember the drive over there, late in the evening (it must have been September 12th or 13th I suppose), with other workers at Nancy who had been asked to lend a helping hand in that seething cauldron. For some reason there was bad traffic congestion that night, and as our camion was held up by the roadside for a time, some of us got out to see what there was to be seen. The roar of distant artillery thundered over and around us in the semi-darkness, the great guns flinging their lightning flashes far out across the sky. Off somewhere to the north was the hot glare of burning villages, and I remember how the strange, shifting light with the stealthily moving shadows, gave a sense of unreality to what seemed like whole armies of dim figures which came and went, weaving rhythmically in and out, as though they were taking their part in a vast *Danse Macabre*. In Toul, for those few noisy, hectic hours, there were plenty of odd jobs for us all, if it were nothing more than washing plates or slicing bread, but, while I remember few details, I brought away with me a bewildered feeling of jumble and tumult and chaos which I have never really understood. It was not at all the same impression as that which I got at Verdun, for instance, where there was, of course, terrific congestion but never the least confusion—at least I never saw any. I think something must have gone much awry, temporarily in any case, with the Transport Branch of the American Army. But whatever the cause or the explanation, I shall always associate Toul with a frightful jumble of commissariat lorries, ambulances filled with wounded, ammunition wagons, limbers and mules, in a solid jam. We all know what a fine piece of work the American Army accomplished in demolishing that seemingly indestructible St. Mihiel salient, a relic of the early German successes, and what an important factor it was to France to have the great railway system which had been tied up for so long,

freed at last; but I have often wished that I could have an explanation of the unimaginable traffic confusion that night, especially in view of the fact that the St. Mihiel offensive was not the result of an instant necessity, but was supposedly a well thought-out military plan. I am the more inclined to speak of this because so many books written by Americans (particularly by American women) at that time, take every occasion to run down the French in Lorraine and to extol the Americans,—to such an extent that it is quite exasperating. The French never did anything; it was always the Americans who led the way, showing them how things should be done! As a matter of fact, I was by no means the only American in Toul who knew that something went dreadfully wrong that night.

I went on working for another month at all kinds of things—dispensary units, canteens, anythings that came along. But always there was that growing feeling of change, of uncertainty, of a rapid breaking up, and I was glad that my work remained fluid, so that I might be ready for the unexpected, should it arrive. I had, of course, never forgotten my early hope that I might see King Albert come riding back into his own again; that I might manage in some way to get to Brussels at the time of his entry. I could never forget all I had seen that little country suffer during the first terrible year, and I longed to take part in its reinstatement; to see for myself the streets of Brussels freed from the hated grey-green uniforms. But the time was not yet ripe.

So those last few weeks flew by, and I found myself less and less in Nancy, and more and more in Lunéville, till at last I moved over there altogether. That is how it happened that I was a witness of what was to me one of the most unforgettable episodes of the whole War—the unlooked-for, sudden appearance, after long years of captivity, of a small group of British prisoners.

It must have been about the third week in October, and it was late one afternoon; the days were short, and a chill dusk was closing in, bringing a certain creeping melancholy. A few of us were returning from our work, and as we passed along a somewhat empty street, we came suddenly upon them—that phantom-like, small group—half standing, half leaning, hardly able to do even that; feebly chattering with a death-grip exhaustion; starved until they were little more than shadows; emaciated beyond belief, some almost naked—a group of six, all told. They did not know where they were; almost they did not care, they were so spent; yet pride of race, or sheer grit, had sustained them all through that ghastly ordeal. They, with many others, had been unofficially kicked out of their German Internment Camp, their captors no doubt realizing that, the fight being lost in any case, some food might be saved by a premature discharge of some of their prisoners. This "discharge" amounted, in fact, to an unwarrantable and ignoble expulsion, peculiarly dishonouring to the captors, and as it was the British who were always the most hated, it was they who were exposed to the greatest hardships. I cannot now remember from which Internment Camp these particular men had come, for later we had many more such shocking sights; but after nearly four years of life in a German prison, where their shoes had rotted off their feet, where their clothes had fallen in tatters from their sore-

infested bodies, weak from the starvation diet of German prison food (thin soup, a brew of acorns, and a little sour, black bread), old beyond their years from gnawing misery, they had, one night, been taken to the Camp exit, just as they were, and, without the least provision, set adrift in the enemy country, to find their way back to their lines as best they could; to walk unheard-of miles across an unknown, unfriendly land, without shoes (old rags or paper sandals tied with string to their bleeding feet), without food, almost without hope—save for that unwavering pride of race. To beg their way of the Germans! To walk—they could hardly crawl! But though half dazed with the suddenness of what had come upon them, with the most general idea only of the road that they should follow, they just "faced West", as one of them said afterwards, adding, "and, of course, that had *two* meanings for us; we knew it was a matter of life or death." I still shudder when I think of the long, unspeakable torture. Jeered at, spat upon, vilified, they staggered on, the stronger supporting the weaker, until at last they came tottering into Lunéville—only six of them left out of the original company. It would be impossible to exaggerate the fearful condition of those boys as we saw them huddled there that evening, the wind blowing their rags about them—one had on a woman's skirt which he had dragged around him to cover his nakedness—their shaking hands, palsied with strain and effort, death in their eyes. So we came upon them—these living skeletons, these spectre-like creatures with the broken frames—but with the unbroken spirit!

One of our party took in the situation at a glance. Being a doctor, he knew that unless rest and medical care were given at once, every one of those six men would die—though it did not take a doctor's eye to be assured of this. He went quickly over to where they were, and spoke to them. He told them that they were now within the Allied lines, and that they were safe, and were to come with him—oh, only a few steps farther, and after that they could rest. Yet even when they heard this, their self-restraint, their grip upon themselves held fast—and it nearly broke your heart! The one who seemed to be in charge, with an unconscious dignity which even then did not forsake him, tried to smile his thanks, but I saw his bloodless, tight-drawn lips strain back over his teeth like those of a dying man. And they were so grateful, so pitifully, so unbelievably grateful—you could not bear it! So those ragged, sore-infested, almost dying men, stumbled and lurched after the doctor as they followed him a little way down the street, and there they received the tenderest care that Lunéville and their French comrades-in-arms could give them. Two of them died, despite this care, however; but the others were pulled through.

There are many things for which I earnestly hope I shall never be so faithless as to forgive the Germans—no, not as long as I live—and not the least of them is for the sufferings of those English boys who came reeling into Lunéville that dark October evening. The memory of it cuts like a knife, and I hope it always will; and I hope too that one day, little as they would wish to ask it for themselves, I shall be able to take my share in redressing that monstrous outrage.

VOLUNTEER.

(*To be continued*)

# ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Student seemed depressed, and the Philosopher noticed it. "You look," he said, "as if you had been visiting the business section of New York. Don't do such things. The last I heard from that quarter was of a man who cheered himself up by reading the obituary notices in the daily papers, to assure himself that some people still are lucky!"

"Nine-tenths of it is psychic, as was suggested at the Convention", the Historian commented; "a nightmare, *mob* nightmare. You remember what Emerson called 'Borrowing':

> "Some of your hurts you have cured,
> And the sharpest you still have survived,
> But what torments of grief you endured
> From evils which never arrived!"

"We are slow to learn", said the Engineer. "Could any truth be more evident than the observation of Epictetus, centuries ago, that 'men are disturbed, not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things'?"

"While you are quoting", said another, "in spite of its being hackneyed, don't forget this:

> "It is easy enough to be pleasant
> When life flows along like a song,
> But the man worth while is the one who will smile
> When everything goes dead wrong."

"We need hackneyed doctrine nowadays", the Philosopher declared; "that is, if by hackneyed you mean oft-repeated and old and simple and obvious. Part of the trouble with the world is that it threw over-board the 'old-fashioned' and 'shop-worn' axioms about 'Waste not, want not', 'Saving is a greater art than gaining', and so forth, in favour of 'Spend, spend, spend for the good of Trade' —as if Trade were a member of the Trinity—and 'Buy to-day and pay hereafter'. But of all the hackneyed axioms that New York needs to remember at present, I should choose, 'Courage leads to heaven, fear to death'."

"You will agree with me, however," said the Ancient, "that though courage is essential, it is not enough. People need faith in something besides faith in money, if they are to face its loss courageously. Low ideals have much to do with existing conditions,—practically, and as direct cause; not merely theoretically. No man can control a thing, whether that thing be animate or inanimate, so long as he is *under* it; and as most people were under the obsession of money in 1929—making and spending it, or longing to do both—inevitably

they are under it to-day. The world has, indeed, come to look upon money as the key to happiness, with happiness itself as the normal, legitimate concomitant of human life. I cannot see how such illusions could result in anything but disaster; and the more wide-spread the illusions, the more universal the disaster was bound to be,—disaster in the sense in which a glutton uses that word when, expecting to enjoy another sumptuous repast, and then another, his stomach suddenly rebels, and leaves him prostrate."

"I find it intensely interesting as well as helpful", the Historian now remarked, "to compare the Buddhist with the Christian approach to life; and, in both cases, I mean the approach of sincere believers. I have brought with me some notes on the subject, and, if you like, I will give you the quotations which make specific comparison possible."

As we most gladly accepted this offer, the Historian continued:

"Though many Christians would deny this, Buddhism and Christianity, it seems to me, begin with the same fundamental proposition, namely, as the Buddha said: 'Birth is attended with pain, decay is painful, disease is painful, death is painful. Union with the unpleasant is painful, painful is separation from the pleasant; and any craving that is unsatisfied, that too is painful. In brief, the five aggregates which spring from attachment (the conditions of individuality and their cause) are painful.' In the *Samyutta Nikaya* he is quoted as saying: 'Which, O Bhikkhus [monks or disciples], think you is the greater; the tears which you have poured out, wailing and lamenting on this long pilgrimage . . . joined to the unloved, separated from the loved; or the waters of the Four Great Seas?'

" 'Pessimism', would be the comment of unenlightened Christians, most of whom proceed as if the Christian Master, instead of saying, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his *cross* daily, and follow me', had said, 'Life is a joy-ride; come along'. We know what St. James thought about it: 'For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.' It would be easy enough to multiply texts; but if, instead, we try to look squarely at the facts, I do not see how we can escape the conclusion that nearly all lives, in terms of pleasure and pain, justify the Buddha's teaching. It is Kali Yuga, the Iron or Black Age: what else can we expect? How can a world, which is full of sin and selfishness, fail to be full of misery? Men cling desperately to the belief that they *ought* to be happy; and they are right: but they will not pay the price; they expect to obtain happiness on their own terms, as the fruit, not of self-denial, but of self-indulgence. Men will not learn except as the result of bitter, prolonged, and constantly repeated suffering—life after life; so the entire human race, with the exception of the few who have gained liberation, are bound to the 'sorrowful weary Wheel', as the Orphic ritual declared.

"Granting the truth of that fundamental proposition, we come to the question: what is the way of escape? What is the *cure* for this condition? It is at this point that *exoteric* Buddhism and *exoteric* Christianity, seem to part company. Exoteric Buddhism says in effect: to cure the condition, you must remove

its cause, and, 'This, O Bhikkhus, is the Noble Truth of the Cause of suffering: Thirst (*Tanhâ*), that leads to re-birth, accompanied by pleasure and lust, finding its delight here and there, namely, thirst for pleasure, thirst for sensation, thirst for prosperity'; and, 'This, O Bhikkhus, is the Noble Truth of the Path which leads to the cessation of suffering: that holy eightfold Path, that is to say, Right Belief, Right Aspiration, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Means of Livelihood, Right Endeavour, Right Recollection, Right Meditation.'

"Practically, if a man in great distress had gone to the Buddha for comfort or support, that Master would have explained to him the Law of Life, and would have told him to forget his own sorrows in the sorrows of others—in the even greater sorrows of others—thus developing universal love and compassion, and lifting himself above self-love and self-pity. If the man had obeyed, he would have been led in due course to an understanding of *esoteric* Buddhism, which is based entirely upon self-immolation for the sake of others, for Love's sake, and which is identical with esoteric Christianity, whose supreme exponent, for Love's sake, and 'for the joy that was set before him,' 'endured the Cross, despising the shame'. Superficially, however, even here there is a difference, because it is evident that the Master Christ endured the Cross for love of his Father, at least as much as for love of his own and his Father's children, while, so far as the books of Buddhism take us, including so profound a treatise as *The Voice of the Silence*, it might be inferred that compassion for suffering humanity is the sole motive of those who, by leaving self behind, become part of that 'Guardian Wall', 'built by the hands of many Masters of Compassion, raised by their tortures, by their blood cemented', which 'shields mankind, since man is man, protecting it from further and far greater misery and sorrow'. The reconciliation is found in the actual practice of those who have followed the teaching of Buddhism to its source in the Great Lodge,—the members of which are Theosophists.

"But let me return to my comparison of the first approach, or exoteric expression, of these two great religions. It is far from my purpose to laud one at the expense of the other. They were 'revelations' to totally different peoples, whose need and temperament were as unlike as the climatic and other physical conditions in which they lived. It would be as foolish to ask all the races of mankind to eat and dress alike, as to adopt the same religious method. In any case, Buddhism, in its first stages, demands a large measure of disillusionment, of interior withdrawal from life, and in one sense may be described as a negative (feminine) rather than a positive (masculine) procedure. It is a Way of Escape, intended to lead to a method of attack and to Victory, rather than a method of attack, incidentally (not as objective) resulting in escape, and, by ceaseless pushing of the attack, in Victory,—which I take to be the Christian Master's solution. Even so, the orthodox Christian's resignation to, or acceptance of, the Divine Will, as a rule is thoroughly negative, and does not differ materially from the orthodox Buddhist's attitude. It is only when the Buddhist feels the power of Compassion stirring within him; only when

the Christian feels the power of Love stirring within him, that either becomes in any degree positively religious. The Buddhist, if he would follow in the footsteps of his Master, must learn to let 'his mind pervade one quarter of the world with thoughts of Love, and so the second, and so the third, and so the fourth. And thus the whole wide world, above, below, around, and everywhere, does he continue to pervade with heart of Love, far-reaching, grown great, and beyond measure. Just as a mighty trumpeter makes himself heard —and that without difficulty—in all the four directions, even so, of all things that have shape or life, there is not one that he passes by or leaves aside, but regards them all with mind set free, and deep-felt love'. In that way is the 'dire heresy of separateness' overcome.

"I confess it is not a method I should find congenial, because, if I happened to think of Trotsky or Stalin or Bernard Shaw or quite a number of other people in the course of my 'pervasion', my desire would be, not to love them, but quietly, painlessly, to remove them—to another world; and I am convinced that my desire would be righteous, as they are in no sense my personal enemies, but the enemies of the entire human race. That, however, has nothing to do with the abstract merits of the two systems!

"In the case of the Christian, if he would follow in the footsteps of his Master, he must learn, not merely to accept the Divine Will, but to love and adore it; he must see in his Master's will for him, the epitome of wisdom, of love, of beauty; he must not merely welcome it, but must go out to meet it. Even when he knows that for him it will mean cruel suffering, he must set his face stedfastly 'to go to Jerusalem', and become at last able to say that with desire hath he desired to eat the Passover as his Master ate it."

"But suppose a man is faced with financial ruin, and that others are dependent upon him: what should be his inner attitude, what his objective?" It was the Student who asked this question.

"In the first place", the Historian answered, "he should realize that if others are dependent upon him, he owes them a duty, and that he can perform this duty only by means of money. Even if no one should be dependent upon him, he owes it to his own manhood and to his own soul, not to become a burden on his relatives or friends. In the second place, if a student of Theosophy, he should realize that his money ought to serve as a physical weapon in the hands of the Lodge. From every standpoint, therefore, it must be his duty to *fight* to conserve what he has, and to acquire more, if he should need more in order to fulfil his obligations, or to use his opportunities for service, adequately.

"People sometimes make the mistake of supposing that because threatened with defeat, they should at once accept defeat as 'the Will of God'. This, of course, is utterly wrong,—just as wrong as to use the word Karma as though it were synonymous with Kismet. If in danger of defeat, it is clearly our Karma to be in that position; but we can meet our Karma like cowards, or we can meet it like men; we can see in it an opportunity, and in that sense a gift, or we can see in it an excuse for retreat and collapse. Karmically, and from the

standpoint of the soul, it is more important that we should never surrender than that we should survive, but it is more important still that we should attack and never cease to attack, going down, if we must go down, striking a last blow with all the life left in us. The ravens fed Elijah because he was a man, not because he was hungry."

"Are you talking Buddhism or Christianity or Theosophy?" asked our visitor.

"I am talking all three, when all three are properly understood", the Historian answered. "There are plenty of Buddhists, sincere but dead-letter interpreters of their sacred texts, who would find what I have said, utterly foreign to their traditions—and inclinations; but, among others, there are a few Rajputs, one in particular (and Buddha himself was of the Warrior caste), who are *not* dead-letter interpreters, and are known as Masters or Adepts in the innermost circles of Buddhism, whose doctrine is the same for instance, as that of the author of *Light on the Path;* and you will remember his definition of the only kind of man who can hope to attain the inner wisdom: 'Only he who is untamable, who cannot be dominated, who knows he has to play the lord over men, over facts, over all things save his own divinity.' Not much 'submission' about that!

"There are perhaps not many people who have the time, or sufficient education, to study history advantageously, that is, to draw from it personal and practical lessons; but there can be no excuse for a failure to learn from events recorded in the daily press during quite recent years. The revolution in Russia took place in 1917, and has been discussed ever since. The Czar and his family were murdered by the present rulers of Russia in July, 1918. Everyone knows that he was a deeply religious man, a sincere Christian. The fact remains that it was his misunderstanding of Christianity (the fruit, as always, of his own inherent weaknesses) which was responsible, not only for his own death, but for the deaths of those he loved, and for the torture and murder of countless thousands of men and women who stood for whatever civilization Russia had possessed. Like Louis XVI of France (another good and intensely patriotic man), the Czar had chance after chance to destroy those who were fomenting revolution. Both the French King and the Russian Emperor, by the execution of a few hundred demagogues, could have saved thousands of innocent lives, including their own. Instead, the message of the Czar to the French Ambassador —which happens to represent also the attitude of Louis XVI—shows clearly how befogged he was: 'Tell the Ambassador of France (M. Paléologue) that this terrible war will need an expiatory victim, and that I shall be that victim.' He was willing to sacrifice his life; he was not willing to say 'No' to his wife, whom he loved and deeply pitied (a noble, devout, and self-sacrificing woman, of rare refinement and great strength of character, most unfortunately blinded by her maternal devotion and self-reproach,—her boy's hemophilia being an inheritance from her family); and although willing, up to a certain point, to say 'No' to the revolutionaries, he was totally unwilling to kill them before they killed him,—as it was his obvious duty to do. It is very much worse than

useless merely to say 'No' to a burglar; and the man who, knowing that his bedroom-window is being 'jimmied', turns on the light, seizes his gun, and asks 'Who's there?' *before firing*,—may leave a widow to pay for his funeral, but is more likely to have caused her murder also, within a second or two of his own."

"What did you mean by saying that the Czar's misunderstanding of Christianity was the fruit of his own inherent weaknesses?"

"I meant that invariably we read ourselves into the beliefs we accept; that a man unconsciously adapts his religion to fit his conduct,—and that this is as true of those who call themselves Theosophists as of all others. Have you not known members of the Society who have done things in the name of family or social or community 'duty', which have left you almost dumb with amazement? Do you know any follower of any religion or philosophy whose interpretation of its moral and disciplinary code is not a reflection of his own will and desire—easy for him, or exacting, as his own love of comfort, or of self-discipline, may determine? And do you not realize that inevitably, in the course of time, disobedience to the best that he sees must result in intellectual as well as moral blindness? One thing is certain: if a student of Theosophy is not true to his ideals now, he need not expect to know anything of Theosophy in his next incarnation. . . . But that is travelling rather far afield from the unfortunate Czar. Physically, he was fearless; he was generous, kind, honest, utterly unpretentious, a man of culture and great personal charm, the best of fathers and most loyal of husbands (one of the few men in Russia who was unswervingly loyal to the Allies *on principle*); yet, with all his virtues, he had an excess of humility,—and we know that the excess of a virtue becomes a vice. From the day of his father's premature death, he felt crushed by a sense of his inability to govern, of his inadequacy as a Czar. He had heroic endurance. From first to last, in spite of all the insults, deprivations and outrages with which the cowardly Bolshevists tormented him, and, worse, tormented his wife and young daughters,—not a word of complaint escaped him. This means, as I see it, that he had an excess of what is known as 'Christian fortitude', just as he had an excess of 'Christian forgiveness'. His virtues were negative, not positive. Physically courageous, he was in some ways a moral coward. He lacked utterly the spirit of attack, of aggression, of dominance; and this was curious, because his father was a phenomenally strong man, both in body and soul, and his mother has been described as 'vivacious, very decided and positive . . . intelligent, well-read, with a surprisingly quick brain and a keen sense of humour', a woman with 'fearless courage, strength of character, and downright frankness'. It shows once more that children, instead of inheriting the qualities of their parents, often reverse them, and become their opposites.

"But again, this is a digression from our main subject, though it has all served to bring out ideas as to the spirit in which the present 'depression' should be met."

"There is one thing I should like to speak of before we go home", the Recorder now said. "Directly in line with what was said at the Convention about

the outrageous cost to the taxpayer of the veterans of the World War[1], a National Economy League has since been formed by a group of men whose patriotism and disinterestedness cannot be questioned,—the same group, for the most part, that started the Plattsburg and other Training Camps in 1917. The address of this League is 1 Pershing Square, New York. It is circulating a Petition 'to the President and the Congress for the Elimination of Expenditures for Veterans of the Spanish-American and World Wars not in Fact Suffering from Disabilities Incurred in Service.' The Petition asks 'for the reduction of the Federal expenditures by not less than $450,000,000 annually which these reforms would effect.' This saving would more than balance the national budget, yet, because of the approaching elections, no one in office, and none of the leaders of the Congress, has had the courage or the honesty to advocate its adoption. 'Millions for the War Disabled and not one cent for Political Pensions'—meaning, for the purchase of votes—is the slogan of the League. Copies of its Petition for signature, may be obtained by writing to the address I have given. Everyone must surely realize that America is being taxed to death, and that the bureaucracy in Washington and throughout the country has become a vampire which is sucking the life-blood of all classes of the people. This is not a political question; it is a matter of principle. I understand that one out of every ten of the population is a Federal or State employee, or pensioner.

"As you know, I feel very strongly that work for Theosophy comes first, and that we should not fritter away our time and energies on lesser things,—the reason for this being that Theosophy deals with the fundamental principles which should govern in politics, in art, and in every other field of human progress and endeavour. External events and movements are important only in so far as they illustrate the right or wrong application of principles. None the less, especially as it would take only a few minutes to send for, read, sign, and perhaps obtain the signatures of a few friends to that Petition, I think it may properly be included as a theosophical activity."

T.

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[1] The EDITORS add the following quotation from a special article in the *New York Times* of June 5th, 1932:

"At a time when there is clamor for immediate payment of the 'soldiers' bonus,' it is illuminating to compare what the various governments have done for the relief of World War veterans and their dependents. From the standpoint of annual outlay for this purpose, the United States leads the world: its appropriations for veterans exceed those of all the chief belligerents combined, despite the fact that the number of men it mobilized and its total casualties were far below those of these other nations.

"The leading combatant nations, Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy, together with our neighbour Canada, will spend this year for so-called 'veterans' relief' a total of about $891,190,360, or some 10 per cent less than the government at Washington. The ranking is as follows:

| | Men Mobilized | Dead and Wounded | This Year's Relief Bill |
|---|---|---|---|
| United States | 4,355,000 | 360,300 | $1,072,064,527 |
| Germany | 13,000,000 | 6,111,862 | 298,690,000 |
| France | 8,410,000 | 5,623,000 | 286,722,000 |
| Great Britain | 6,600,000 | 3,000,000 | 174,802,060 |
| Italy | 5,615,000 | 1,597,000 | 69,853,300 |
| Canada | 619,636 | 232,045 | 61,123,000 |

"The cost of relief in America, as compared with that of other countries, is attributable to two factors: political pressure of the veterans themselves, and a refusal on the part of Congress to limit aid only to the wounded and the dependents of those who died in action. Thus all who were mobilized are entitled to free hospital and dental care and to a twenty-year bonus certificate on which they may receive cash at maturity, with loans in the meantime."

## CONVENTION 1922*

FRIENDS—there is something my heart for a long time past has been saying to yours, and to-day I am moved to voice it.

You have all been told that for the first time in the world's history, our Movement has been carried over the cycle. You all know, therefore, that every year which has passed since, let us say, 1901, has been different from any year that has ever been before; that in each of those years we have advanced steadily, steadily into the enemy's country; that in a certain sense they were years we had no business to have.

You have not supposed, of course, in considering this matter—and I am sure you must often have considered it—that the Dark Powers have taken this quietly, have submitted tamely. On the contrary, they have fought with all their strength to resist it; they have devised in every way to circumvent it; and as on this plane their power is greater—as we are obliged, as it were, to fight with one hand behind our backs—the struggle has not been easy. But so far, by the grace of Heaven, they have not succeeded; we have continued to advance.

O yes, we have had helpers from the other side; if we had not, we could not have done it,—humbly, gratefully, we acknowledge that. But they also are handicapped here by the evil and darkness in our own hearts—traitors in the camp—and what they have done they have done at frightful cost.

Thwarted on the inner plane, the force and fury of the Black Lodge boiled over on the outer plane, and we had the Great War—a faint reflection of what was taking place on the inner plane—and the Great War was not won, remember. Germany was not beaten, though she could have been, save that the Allies lacked that grace of Final Perseverance,—for all their courage, that crowning, final courage—what Napoleon called "four o'clock in the morning courage." They had not the faith or the vision for that; they harboured too many delusions, and so they failed when victory was almost in their grasp.

*The Branch of The Theosophical Society in Caracas, Venezuela, always enterprising, reprinted this (from the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY of July, 1922) in leaflet form for distribution on the day of the recent T. S. Convention. Copies of the leaflet were sent to some members in New York, at whose request we reprint it here, ten years after its original publication.—EDITORS.

Let us learn the lesson, and pray for that grace of Final Perseverance as we pray for nothing else. The spiritual warrior must fight when he is blind and stricken and dead, when his feet are washed in the last drop of his heart's blood, when his life is utterly dissolved. For if he cannot fight in this condition he can never win. Victory comes, and comes *only*, as the crown of complete self-giving—of devotion to a cause so passionately loved as to make that giving cheap. Pray, I say therefore, for the grace of Final Perseverance.

Much has been said recently of the need for chêlas, for the Movement to develop chêlas,—we know that at this time chêlas cannot come over to us. Presently many of us who worked here before the cycle turned, will have passed away. There are those who have been on the front line, without one moment's rest day or night, all these years. They cannot last for ever—and the fight must go on. *We must continue to advance;* we cannot stop. The Dark Powers would have been content to crush us, years back. Not now! In turn they would rush forward like a mighty flood, using our acquired momentum. If you need some picture of what it would be like, look at Russia,—and the agony would be that Those who trusted us, *because* They trusted us, would have failed. None of us could endure that!

Now do you see what I mean—what my heart has been saying to your hearts all this while? Stop whining and snivelling in the stuffy corners of your life, and come out boldly, gladly, into the hardships of this glorious warfare. Stop thinking about yourselves, your pains, your trials, your feelings, least of all your conveniences. Think of Them and of Their sacrifices—which alone are the reasons that you are alive to-day, and not merely whirling dust specks in space—and in Their names and for Their sakes, each one his own, fight to redeem a dying world: and give, give, give everything!

Then do you know what will happen? For the first time, *for the first time*, you will know what peace is, the peace that passeth understanding, the peace which the Master can only give to His dearly beloved disciple who is as Himself, the peace They know in the midst of Their toil and never-ending conflict.

In reality, facing our own hearts, what does it matter what becomes of us, so long as Their cause triumphs? We can see so clearly that that is the only thing worth while. Reward! aye indeed, reward enough—if some day, *all* laid down, we shall catch the echo of that far distant cry:—

"Sounds as if some fair city were one voice
Around a King returning from his wars."

That is the spirit of chêlaship; that is what makes a man a chêla.

* * * * *

In God's name come over and help us. The need is so great!

K.

# T·S·ACTIVITIES

## REPORT OF THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Several days before the Convention, notices were mailed to inform members that "because the starting-point of the Washington Parade, to be held on April 30th, has been changed to the Washington Arch, and because the side streets near Fifth Avenue in that neighbourhood will be packed with sections of the Parade, including bands, it will be impossible to hold the Convention of The Theosophical Society at 64 Washington Mews as originally planned and announced. In this emergency, a member of the New York Branch has placed at the disposal of the officers of the Society an unoccupied house at Riverdale-on-Hudson, where the morning and afternoon sessions of the Convention will be held. The New York Branch will provide motor omnibuses to take members and delegates to and from Riverdale."

The Convention assembled accordingly.

### *Morning Session*

The Convention was called to order on Saturday, April 30th, 1932, at 10.30 a. m. Mr. Hargrove was elected Temporary Chairman, and appointed a Committee on Credentials consisting of Mr. H. B. Mitchell, Treasurer T. S., Miss I. E. Perkins, Secretary T. S., and Dr. Torrey.

While the Committee was at work, the Temporary Chairman welcomed the delegates and members, and spoke of the great pleasure all felt "in being assembled once more in a Convention of The Theosophical Society." It was impossible, however, he said, to recognize that pleasure without at the same time recalling "our great loss in the death of Mr. Charles Johnston, who, for over a quarter of a century, was Chairman of our Executive Committee, and who, at Convention after Convention until last year, welcomed us at these assemblies. . . . You know how you feel; you can at least imagine how those feel who were so closely associated with him in the Work for forty years or longer."

The Committee on Credentials then submitted its report. This having been accepted, and the Committee discharged with thanks, the permanent organization of the Convention was effected by the election of Mr. H. B. Mitchell, President of the New York Branch, as Permanent Chairman, Miss Perkins as Permanent Secretary, and Miss J. Chickering as Assistant Secretary.

### Address of the Permanent Chairman

The Chairman: It is my privilege as Permanent Chairman—and one that I greatly value—to speak, at the opening of the Convention, of what I believe it would be well for us to have uppermost in our minds during our proceedings. As the years pass and the cycles turn, and we steadily penetrate deeper and deeper into uncharted territory, it becomes more and more important for us to check our course by reference back to the early directions we received, and to the original principles upon which, and the purposes for which, the Theosophical Society was founded, so that we may know whether we are really moving toward our appointed goal or have been in some way diverted from it.

Our responsibility is very grave. Many, if not all, of us here to-day have good reason to

believe the statements, made by the outer founders of the Society, that they were acting, in so doing, only as the agents of the Great Lodge of Masters; and that Theosophy, as we know it, is a re-giving to the world of parts of that ancient wisdom of which the Masters are the custodians. We have been the recipients of that gift, in part at least; and to the extent that we have received it and know of Theosophy, to that extent we have been joined with the Great Lodge of Masters as custodians of their wisdom,—as trustees of the world for the knowledge of the things that pertain to immortal life; for the preservation of that knowledge and for its right use. In our hands, to preserve or to throw away, to make or to mar, is this new incarnation of an age-old movement—the age-old effort of the great of soul to aid their younger brethren. In our hands to-day is the harvest of the sacrifice and labour, the love and devotion of our predecessors; and in seeking guidance for the right use of our heritage, we cannot do better than look back to what they have left on record of their purposes, and of the purposes of the Masters whom they served.

Perhaps I should pause here to say what we are always so careful to say when we have visitors—though surely it should need no saying among ourselves—that each member can speak only for himself in matters of opinion and belief, and that though I speak from the Chairman's table, I have no more power than any other member to commit the Society to any one view of its principles and purposes. No one need accept anything of what I have to say; yet I can claim, as can all, your courteous hearing for considerations that seem to me of moment.

We all know the stated purposes of the Society—know them so well that perhaps their very familiarity has become an obscurant of some of the implications they should have for us, and which a new approach or a more detached view would reveal. Let us leave them aside for a moment therefore, and think first of what has been called the Maha Chohan's letter—a letter written by the Head of the Lodge, fifty-one years ago, setting forth something of what it was hoped that the Society might accomplish. Among its many notable phrases there is one that we should never forget: "The Theosophical Society was chosen as the corner stone, the foundation of the future religions of humanity."

The letter has been published several times. It was republished in the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1911, in Mr. Johnston's "Notes and Comments", where he was writing on "The Future of The Theosophical Society". The Society had then just completed its thirty-fifth year, and Mr. Johnston used this statement of the Masters' aims as a standard by which to determine its actual achievements as of that time. Since then twenty-one years have passed —three seven-year cycles—and, believing as we do in cyclic law, it is very fitting that we should look back to-day to the same standards that he used then, and make use of the same quotations.

"The corner stone of the future religions of humanity". We, who have worked long in the Society, have seen its shaping. Those who have joined us in later years have seen at least a part of its shaping. In the history of the Society have been taught, one by one, the great lessons that must underlie every real religion; and as we review, in the retrospect of fifty-seven years, the events and forces that have made us what we are, we can see how they have graven deep into our consciousness the fundamental principles and basic truths that are requisite for the religious life. The corner has been chiselled square and true.

Do not let us be content merely to generalize. Let us look closely enough to be sure that we recognize what we see. Beginning at the beginning, what is it that we see? How did the Movement originate, its purposes gain a hearing, and the Theosophical Society come to be formed? The answer is clear: by H.P.B.'s phenomena. We often hear those phenomena questioned. Sometimes, even by some of the Society's own members, it has been regretted that they had been thought necessary; and it has seemed to some that they struck a wrong note at the very inception of the Movement, derogatory to the dignity and seriousness of the theosophic teaching. It is the same unconsciously materialistic attitude that minimizes the place of miracle in Christianity, and tends to present Christ's life and teaching in terms of mere kindliness, humanitarianism, long-suffering gentleness and self-sacrifice. But the turning of water into wine at the wedding feast, the giving sight to the blind, the raising of Lazarus from the dead, the single-handed cleansing of the temple and domination of the rabble,—these are not accidental intrusions into the drama of the soul; they are of its very essence.

Look to what religion we will, we shall find miracle at its root; not alone because it tends to validate or support the claims of that one religion, but because it is essential to the demands of religion itself—religion as such—teaching and illustrating a fundamental requisite of the religious life: the ability to face and to achieve what the world holds impossible. The truth is that every real religion is founded on the principle that spiritual law transcends natural law, that all things are possible to the Divine, and that the man who reaches toward and who attains the spiritual life, gains powers that are not possessed by the natural life. The ability to face courageously—undaunted and undismayed—the impossible, and so facing it to achieve it, is the foundation of religion. The very first step upon the Path calls for a heroism that will essay what it knows it cannot of itself do; that will put away the natural in reliance upon the spiritual. Perhaps this is a statement that some will question; but as each man considers it, he will find that it is true.

This was the first step. The next was its logical consequence: the enunciation of the existence of Masters, the great principle of the perfectibility of man; that the world has not reached the limit of human attainment nor the destined goal of the evolution of the soul, but that it is literally possible so to live and grow as to fulfil the command of the Western Master: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect". It was the doctrine that mankind had not only a "Father" in the heavens, but Elder Brothers there and here, "the august hierarchy of just men made perfect, who watch over the destinies of humanity", the "Lords of Karma", but accessible to mankind. It is not possible to overemphasize the importance of that last phrase. "The kingdom of heaven is *at hand*", within reach, here and now. Not only does the Lodge exist, but the way to it is open: open to us, to all who whole-heartedly aspire. All who share the Masters' aims, all who wish to work for their cause, can work for it; and, in working, find guidance, companionship, help and teaching. Chêlaship exists, and can be attained.

These first two steps in the formation of our Society—these first two principles of the religious life, which our history inculcates—are, as we see, very positive things: the claiming of powers; first, the power of courage and undaunted will to achieve the impossible; second, the power of communion and service with the great of soul; the claiming of the right—no, not the "right", the aspirant has no "rights", but—the *will* to labour in the Masters' cause, and the faith that by fidelity in such labour will come, through their grace, knowledge of them and of their teaching.

The third step in our history was, from one point of view, negative where the first two had been positive; that is, it was outwardly against something as the others had been for something. But from another point of view, and in reality, it was as far from negative as anything well could be. It was a most aggressive attack upon all that enslaved the soul of man and held it back from the pathway of the spirit. It was a taking up of arms, and an entering into battle with the world, for the salvation of the world; and it was, in reality, but a projecting outward of the inner warfare that the first two steps require the aspirant to wage against himself. There is no claiming of powers but by conquest; and no conquest without conflict. That conflict must be against the evil in oneself, before it can be successful against the evil in others. Consider all against which H.P.B. hurled herself, single handed and undaunted, in the early days of our Movement: the dogmatism of religion, the materialism of science, the prejudices of ignorance and superstition, the provincialisms of society and caste. Church, state, science, entrenched custom,—nothing of falsity, nothing of evil, nothing that trammelled the spirit of man, was free from her attack.

Have we not proved our point? Could the religious life dispense with any of these great lessons that have been taught us from the beginning of our history? Read them simply in terms of courage: the courage to put aside natural law for spiritual law; the courage to essay the "impossible"; the courage to stand alone, to discipline and conquer self in the service of what is greater than self; the courage to attack the wrong and the false wherever they are found, and to combat the world for the salvation of the world. Must not these be proper part of the "corner stone" of all future religions, even as they have been of every religion of the past?

Let us turn back now to our stated objects, examining them, in the light of the Maha Chohan's letter, for their significance in the foundation of religion. "To form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity." What religion was ever concerned with the individual alone? Was there ever one that did not call upon each man to labour for others, to spend himself for the good of all mankind, for the triumph of right over wrong, of the greater self over the lesser? We must recognize that the religious consciousness is a shared and collective consciousness; its adventure a common adventure, one that concerns the whole race and is undertaken for the whole race. It starts from that sense of solidarity as its basis; it leads up to it as its goal; and it uses it as a means of passing from its base to its goal. So it has been said that Buddha reached enlightenment through the efforts of a million men. So all, who have attained, have attained *for* others and by the help of others. Brotherhood, solidarity, unity, harmony, synthesis, sympathy and tolerance,—they were watchwords given us by H.P.B. and Judge, and we have never ceased to stress them; though they are echoed back to us from the world in strange and ghastly fashion, having been made the opposites of all we mean by them. There is a vast difference between the theosophic ideal of brotherhood and that of the world. To us the brotherhood of man stands only, and can only be found and realized, in the fatherhood of God; to large sections of the world it is acclaimed as a substitute for all thought of the Divine. To us it is a brotherhood of the spirit, reached and known as the life of the spirit triumphs over the life of the separate and separating personality. To the world it most commonly stands for a denial of the spirit and of every law of spiritual being. To the world it means a dragging down to one dead level; to us it means a lifting up to height after height in endless succession. "Liberty, *equality*, fraternity",—by the world, "brothers" are conceived as all of the same age, all standing on the same level; but with us, our very concept of brotherhood was given us by the "Elder Brothers", by the Masters themselves, so that from the beginning it has meant to us a brotherhood in which there were "younger" and "older", in which we were included with those infinitely above us, who stooped to lift us. It is but the psychic counterfeit of brotherhood that implies democracy; true brotherhood involves aristocracy, and the hierarchical principle.

Does this seem paradoxical? Theosophy embraces paradoxes and rests upon them as the piers of a bridge rest upon the opposite banks of a stream. Its platform is the most democratic in the world. The spiritual world, the brotherhood of the spirit, whose nucleus the Society seeks to form, is open to every one, "without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour". Be he sweeper or king, the Path is open to him; and, for each, takes its start from precisely where he is, leading upward, without limit, to the heights. But there *are* heights, and their existence is the reason for the Path. It does not turn meaninglessly through a swamp, losing itself in one dead level; it rises steadily from height to height; and on each we find those waiting for us who reach down a hand to help us up, and who call themselves our "brothers".

Consider our subsidiary objects: "The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man." The religions of the future must know and conserve tradition, must gather up and bring forward the attainment of the past; but also they must investigate for themselves, must stand firm and unshakable on first-hand personal experience. Religion is first and foremost an experimental science, and its laws must be put to the proof of experiment. It is very needful to learn from the experience of others, to listen and store in memory what we hear; but we must be able to do more than merely repeat what we have heard. Faith is requisite; but it must be the faith that leads to and supports experiment. To believe in the finer forces of nature and in the undeveloped, latent powers of man,—yes, surely yes,—but belief is not enough unless or until it leads us to put our faith to the test by living it; by trusting ourselves to the laws of the spirit rather than of the flesh, and by calling forth and exercising the powers of the spirit latent within us. Let us never confuse belief with knowledge; and let us never be content until we can speak of the things of life and the spirit with the first-hand knowledge of personal experience.

Mr. Johnston, in his "Notes and Comments" of twenty-one years ago, makes it very clear

that The Theosophical Society will not have accomplished its task until it has accomplished this. Then, as now, it is easy to point to changes in the tenor of the world's thought, suggesting a growth in tolerance and of scientific and religious breadth. Some of us think to-day that it might be better for the world were such tolerance less in evidence; for tolerance based upon ignorance and indifference is not gain but loss. Nevertheless there has been gain in many directions, and it is easy to see it; but as Mr. Johnston pointed out, we have only to think of the Maha Chohan's letter in order to see how much more must still be done. Let me quote one paragraph, as true to-day as when Mr. Johnston wrote it.

"Broadly, what has to be done would seem to be this, and the task is as tremendous as it is inspiring: We must come to understand, by direct and authentic experience, the verity of the spiritual world, of spiritual law, of the spiritual man, so that we can give an account of them as trustworthy as a skilled botanist could give of the plants in a suburban garden. We must be able to tell these things because we have seen and known them. Only thus can men be once more taught to believe and know the things of their immortality. Only thus can the great burden of evil be lifted, by showing the divine reasonableness, potency and immediate presence of the immortal good. We have to some extent popularized the lore of spiritual things. There remain spiritual things themselves, to be learned, not from tradition and hearsay, but in their living reality, so that they can be taught for the saving and illumining of mankind."

There is a four-fold description of Theosophy which has become very familiar to many, since it was given us years ago: "Intellectually an attitude, practically a method, ethically a spirit, religiously a life". Sometimes it has been thought that the "life" was not so much part of the Society itself as of that to which the Society led, so that, if one were talking of the T. S. as such, one might properly confine oneself to the first three—the attitude, method and spirit. I do not think that view can be wisely held to-day; and I hope to return to this point and show that only as the life is lived can the Society live,—live, that is, in any true sense. But let us now begin at the beginning and see what the theosophic attitude and method have to teach us of foundation principles.

We all know the attitude and method which the Society inculcates: the looking toward the centre, which centre is found where views converge—not where they diverge. Many different opinions can thus point to the truth, though they point in different or even opposite directions, as the spokes of a wheel point to the nave; and by stressing agreements, rather than disagreements, synthesizing rather than dissecting, we can draw nearer to the truth. Let us again borrow an illustration of Mr. Johnston's. He asks us to think of a globe—such as is used to teach a child geography. We take it in our hands and look at it. If we see the region round the north pole, the south pole is hidden from us. If we turn it round to see the south pole, the north pole vanishes. We can see England only by losing sight of Australia. Whatever side we look at, the other side is hidden. No one view-point can show us, at one time, all the solid truth. To see it all, we need to see from many different angles; and if this is to be done at one time, it must be done by many eyes. Therefore we put an observer to the north and another to the south, and others around the equator, so that, between them all, the whole surface of the globe is seen; and if these different observers will have faith and confidence in each other, and put their observations together, each man may see how his own partial view fits into the concept of the whole. That is what our Society does, and what distinguishes its methods from those of most other societies. Our discussions are based upon the assumption that every honest view, however limited, may still be, from its own angle, a true view, and so have something of truth to give to us all.

Mr. Johnston makes his illustration very graphic; and the more we reflect upon it, the more we may learn from it—particularly of how we can (and must) aid one another in our initial search for truth, and how necessary are mutual faith and confidence and loyalty in all that concerns religion. As the brighter the light, the deeper is the shadow which it casts, so, by the association of opposites, the very graphicness of this illustration leaves upon the mind the outlines for another—of the same form, but of reversed content. We see what at first appears to be the same round globe, at which many men are gazing from different angles; but now each man holds a lighted candle, whose light, falling on the surface of the globe, causes it to glitter

and become glamorous and reflective, so that the lines and colours graven on it disappear. The beholders no longer see the actual globe, not even a real map of the real earth, where at least the true contours of England and Australia and the other countries of the world might be traced. What each sees is a glamorous shining, and in the midst of it the reflection of his own countenance, lit by the light which he himself carries, and in belittled and distorted perspective,—as a spherical mirror does belittle and distort, and as does the mirror of the world. Each man sees but an image of himself, of his false and lesser self, which he takes to be his real self, and which, no less, he takes to be a real map of the real world. This is the Maya, the glamour, of the personal self and of the world. Where it exists, it nullifies the theosophic method; for no two beholders are looking at the same thing and none is looking at anything more real than his own fancies of himself. Not unity, but dissension must result. Synthesis here would be meaningless; it could yield but a composite picture of the delusions of as many nightmares as there were beholders. We have passed from the world of truth to that of psychic fancy. No truth can be found in that way; no wisdom or religion live where the light of self is dominant.

This brings me to the second part of what I wish to say; and just as I, personally, owe so much, in what I have said, to Mr. Johnston's "Notes and Comments" and other articles, so, in what I want to speak of now, I owe more than I can ever express to Mr. Griscom's thought and writings, and to the many, many talks we had together. We all remember Mr. Griscom's articles in the QUARTERLY,—the "Elementary Articles", the articles on the Theosophical Movement in other centuries, the biographical sketches of saints and seers, and analyses and comparative studies of the rules of discipleship as found in the world's great religions. It is of these last that I wish particularly to speak, reminding you of how Mr. Griscom pointed out that, wherever found, these rules were startlingly the same. Whether we turn to the *Bhagavad Gîta* or the *Imitation of Christ*, to Shankaracharya's *Crest Jewel of Wisdom* or to the *Vinaya Texts* of Buddhism, however different the form and imagery, the essence of the teaching is exactly the same: He who would be a disciple, he who would enter the path of liberation, he who would know and serve the Truth and the Masters, or any Cause whatsoever, must learn to love and gain the power of love; and to gain the power of love he must free it from the chains of self. The secret of Truth and Religion and Immortality, of Chêlaship and service, is as simple as that: to strip away the glamour and lusts and chains of self, that we may gain the power of love and of whole-hearted self-giving to the object of our love. That is the theme and the object of all ascetical rules, of the rules of all the religious Orders of every race and time. Mr. Griscom summed them all in three words (as in monasticism they were summed in the three vows): renunciation, purification, obedience; or, in the terms of the three vows, poverty, chastity, obedience.

Think of the rules of *Light on the Path*, with its opening sentence: "These rules are written for all disciples: Attend you to them." "Before the eyes can see they must be incapable of tears. Before the ear can hear it must have lost its sensitiveness. . . . Kill out ambition. Kill out desire of life. Kill out desire of comfort. Work as those work who are ambitious. . . ." One by one we are bidden to free ourselves from all that fosters the "great heresy of separateness", that wraps us in glamour and shuts us away from the real, that holds us impotent, the slaves of desire and of fear. And it is the same, as Mr. Griscom said, whatever be the devotional book or religious treatise that we select. It is the same, too, in our own experience—the book that is always open to us but which we so rarely really read. Page after page points to the same causes of our mistakes, our failures, our griefs and hurts. Always it comes back to something of self,—to some neglect of the discipline that might free us from self, some breach of these rules, or some refusal to believe that they are necessary for us. Why are feelings hurt by what may be said or done to us? Because some fancied right has been violated or denied. The poor in spirit does not think he has "rights". Why do we misjudge men and situations? Because of the mirage of our fears and desires: the projection of what lies within the self upon what lies without the self. Why do our powers fail us, the mind flag and the hand weaken? Because they have not been trained in obedience. He who has accepted the "three vows" is freed from a great mass of suffering and error and impotence.

He has begun to leave behind him the world of illusions and stands at the threshold of the world of the real.

Do we not now see that if the Society would live to accomplish its purposes, and to fulfil the high destiny of which the Maha Chohan wrote, we cannot dispense it from the "religious life"? It cannot be enough to adopt an intellectual attitude and practical method, or even the ethical spirit which Theosophy inspires and which at least desires to love and to serve, to turn from self and to give self. There must be more than the desire; there must be the power and the accomplishment. There must be the life; and until that life is ours we dare not trust ourselves, dare not take into our own hands what we love and would preserve. So long as we are wrapped in self, while we are vain, ambitious, clinging to rights and swayed by hopes and fears and personal desires, so long shall we be unconsciously and unintentionally traitors to the causes we profess. Until we have achieved the rules of discipleship, in their deep inner reality, we cannot be loyal, cannot be trusted, and dare not trust ourselves. We may love the Movement, but we shall betray it,—unless we move with it to the "life" which is its reason and its goal. The religious "life" is necessary; and to it we are called more and more insistently as the cycles turn. Only so can we achieve the powers that we need—the power of devotion, the power of self-giving, the power of loyalty, the supreme power of love.

Let us think of these things which we have called to mind: our work, our purpose, the purpose for which we, as a Society, were called into existence by the great Lodge of Masters, the purpose for which Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, our predecessors in the past and our companions in the present, have laboured and sacrificed and poured themselves out in self-giving of all they had and were, the purpose and work which have now come to us and for which we stand to-day responsible: to become "the corner stone, the foundation of the future religions of humanity".

All things that are born come to birth in the same way. The theosophical doctrine of correspondences shows us that whether it be the birth of an infant or a universe, of a Manvantara, or the creation of mankind, or the founding of the future religions of humanity, all must come into being in the same essential way. That way has been outlined for us in Madame Blavatsky's writings. It may help us to consider it and to see what guidance it may have for us.

It is described as a dual process, a dual gift—the giving of the form, and the giving of the life or spirit to animate it. We remember what is said in *The Secret Doctrine* of the Lunar Pitris and the Solar Pitris. The Lunar Pitris gave their *chhayas;* the Solar Pitris breathed life into them. Out of the past has been given us the *chhaya*, the mould or model, the image or ideal, which must somehow be filled, made living and real with a life that will make it the basis of the future religions of the race. It is not a new mould; it is as old as the ages, and was given us by the Masters, who are the custodians of the wisdom and achievements of the ages. It was filled and made living for us also by gift from the Masters, but by a gift called down, like fire from heaven, by the love and devotion within the Society,—the devotion of those who, seeking chêlaship, attaining chêlaship, took that mould for their rule of life and filled it with their own life, and so, by induction, with life from above. It was not always done perfectly, not without spot or blemish; they had not attained the end of the Path; but they had attained its beginning, in their *love* and in their *will;* and it is in love and will that the truth of things lies.

There is the reality—the real life and being of our Society. They filled the mould, the *chhaya*, made it solid, gave it substance from their own substance, life from their own life, spirit from their own spirit; and so enabled the great Lodge to give it of *their* spirit and *their* life. And because of what was thus done, through the power of evocation, of selflessness and devotion, the Theosophical Movement was carried over the turn of the cycle and is here to-day, fifty-seven years since its birth in this incarnation, thirty-two years further than it was ever carried before. So it has come into our hands; and we too, if we are to keep it alive, must gain the power of evoking and re-evoking that on which it lives.

Our trust imposes a two-fold demand. On the one hand we must preserve the *chhaya*, on the other we must ceaselessly vivify it anew. We must preserve the teaching whole, and pure, and undistorted. We can do this only as we ourselves master it. We must make sure we understand, make sure we let nothing slip away neglected and forgotten. But study alone

will not preserve even the *chhaya*. It must be *lived* as well as studied, must be taken into our life and made part of our being. If there be any truth which you know, but nevertheless ignore, any injunction which you have received but do not strive to obey, having rejected it from your will you will inevitably strive to reject it from your mind. Unconsciously, if not consciously, you will try to forget it; and you will succeed. It will become lost, because not used. In this way the *chhaya*, which you received whole and complete, will become fragmentary and incomplete, unsymmetric and so distorted,—a monstrosity, lacking essential limbs or features, instead of the perfect man to which future religions should lead the race.

Therefore, although we must study and take every means open to us to gain a true understanding of Theosophy, in order that we may preserve the knowledge of it in the world and be able to pass it on to our successors, we must realize that we cannot succeed, even in this half of our task, unless we strive with our whole hearts to fulfil also the other half,—to make our knowledge *living* knowledge, by filling it with our own life and love and will. If we do this, if we give ourselves whole-heartedly and with all that we are, disciplining and exercising ourselves so that we may be able to give more, freeing our wills and the powers of our nature from their slavery to self, and thus gaining the power to love, and by love to evoke the divine fire from above,—if we kindle our wills by this fire, and hold them fiery, firm and unflagging, refusing to be daunted by what seems the impossible, never wavering in faith, indomitable in effort and perseverance, then it matters not what else may come to the Society or to us, we shall achieve. We shall be true to our trust; and the Movement—now in our hands—will live, to fulfil its high destiny. It is to this that we are called to-day.

The Chairman then called for the report of the Executive Committee.

### Report of the Executive Committee

Mr. Hargrove: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members*, I am beginning to think that the Washington parade was a blessing in disguise—as most obstacles and most difficulties are. It is indeed a blessing to be in a place where one can make oneself heard, and where one almost wishes not to make oneself heard so that one might enjoy something of the stillness and the silence of nature. As we are talking among ourselves, I feel free to say I suspect that some of you came here this morning quite prepared to see Saint-Germain or his equivalent walk into our midst and sit down. And why not? Why not? All of you are familiar with the story of H.P.B. who erupted, unexpectedly, at a meeting in London, arriving from Paris, and, as she put it, following her occult nose to the law chambers of somebody whose name I have forgotten. Dr. Keightley saw her on that occasion for the first time. Things that happened then, may happen again. But one step at a time. It may be that the first step has been taken. In any case, even if the outer event does not seem to happen, let us be perfectly sure of the inner reality.

None of this is any part of the report of the Executive Committee, but the truth is that the Executive Committee has very little to report. I shall not refer again at this stage to our loss of Mr. Johnston. To fill the vacancies caused by his death, it is my duty to announce that your Committee elected Mr. Saxe as a member, elected me to serve as its Chairman, and Professor Mitchell as Vice-Chairman.

So far as other things are concerned, we have had no troubles, no upheavals, no disturbances—partly because we have not looked for them. A great many people go through life seeming to be looking for troubles. In any case, strict obedience to the warning in the *Gîta* that the duty of another is full of danger, has saved your Committee from what might have developed into quite a lot of conversation, if not trouble—and really, conversation sometimes is equivalent to trouble.

There was a very active correspondence among other societies calling themselves theosophical, in which we were invited to participate. Point Loma, instructed by a Mahatma to do so, invited us and invited Adyar, and invited everybody else, to assemble on White Lotus Day at Point Loma. And Adyar (in other words, Mrs. Besant), by order of the Maha Chohan —because a Mahatma would not do, as Point Loma had used that already—Mrs. Besant

accepted the invitation. This worried Point Loma, made it nervous—it may have thought Mrs. Besant would bring the Maha Chohan along! At any rate, Mr. Leadbeater was to be brought along, so Mr. G. de Purucker, who calls himself "Theosophical Leader and Teacher", had himself interviewed, and explained that he did not want Leadbeater. That made trouble, so the Maha Chohan changed his mind, and the acceptance was withdrawn. We were invited, but we just sat still—quite still—and watched the other people entertain themselves. So there was no trouble so far as we were concerned.

Mr. Box, as President of the Los Angeles Branch, received the following invitation from a joint committee for White Lotus Day, addressed to the "New York Lodge" Theosophical Society, American Bank Building, Los Angeles. It reads:

"Dear Fellow Theosophists: In commemoration of the death of our revered founder, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the New Century Lodge of Point Loma and the Los Angeles Lodge of Adyar are planning to hold a White Lotus Day Memorial Meeting, Sunday, May 8, 1932, at 8 p. m., at 504 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles, California. As H.P.B. brought to us all the divine gift of Theosophy, we thought it appropriate that all Theosophists should unite in giving homage to her, our Teacher. We sincerely trust that you will join us. In case that you are holding a similar meeting in your own headquarters, we would appreciate it if you could send a representative of your Lodge to be present with us, and, if possible, give one of the customary readings.—Fraternally yours, Joint Committee for White Lotus Day Celebration, By Theron R. Winston, Chairman."

Mr. Box came to the conclusion that he ought to reply. So he called a meeting of his members, who, I am glad to say, endorsed his proposed letter. He wrote:

"Dear Mr. Winston: In reply to your letter of April 14th, we the members of the Pacific Branch of The Theosophical Society beg to remind your Committee that the Adyar organization, of which some of you must necessarily be a part, still stands back of Mrs. Besant's foul betrayal of William Q. Judge, which was practically a betrayal of H.P.B. too, since they were, and still are, inseparable. Therefore, the effect of the attendance of any one of us at your memorial meeting would be but an endorsing and re-enforcing of that double betrayal, as the Point Loma organization is now doing; this, whatever we, or you, or others might then say in praise of H.P.B., and, for our part, we suggest that one of you read this letter at that meeting.—Yours truly, The members of the Pacific Branch of The Theosophical Society, per W. H. Box, President."

[Applause.] I am glad you like it: so do I.

Of course, all of our members, during the past year, have suffered more or less by reason of the present financial depression. That is inevitable. It is hardly to be expected that members of The Theosophical Society, by some miracle, should be made exceptions to the general rule. There is no reason why they should be. Everybody has suffered. Everyone's income has been greatly reduced. But there have been no complaints. The suffering, whatever it may have been, has been accepted with splendid courage so far as I am aware, and everyone is doing his very best to help others—sometimes by valiant endurance, sometimes by direct contributions; occasionally by employing labour which otherwise would not have been employed, often at considerable sacrifice.

I want to speak, if I may, of certain fundamental principles of Theosophy which cannot be emphasized too often. This is in line with what Professor Mitchell has just said. I think it is part of the function of your Executive Committee not merely to supervise the general management of the Society between Conventions, but to do what we can to keep alive a clear understanding of the purposes of the Society and of the principles upon which it is based. I am going to read the following, because I want to make it part of the record, and there is nc need to elaborate it. It is a brief, clear-cut statement of a vital theosophical principle. "The trouble with the modern world, what lies at the root of all its confusion and contradictions, is, briefly put, this: A failure to consider life in terms of spiritual value, and, growing out of this, the consideration of life in terms of *rights*,—a right to life, a right to freedom, a right to happiness, and so forth. No view of life, no civilization, no government based on a theory of rights can ever succeed or endure; they are doomed,—carrying their own seeds of destruc-

tion. Instead, they must be based on a theory of *duties*, each class and each condition having its own, but all springing from the same principles,—of reverence, obedience, self-sacrifice, and devotion to the tasks of the individual environment and station."

Great emphasis was laid upon the same idea at the last Convention, and I think at the Convention before last. But repetition is necessary. We ought to repeat the same thought, in some form or other, Convention after Convention, so that no one will have the slightest chance to forget it. Then every one of us, between Conventions, ought to do what he can to bring that great truth to the attention of our acquaintances. There are not many directions in which we can afford to be dogmatic—very few, except when it comes to principles—but *there* is a principle for which we must fight to the last ditch.

There is another point, and that is the need of all students of Theosophy to find the hair-line between faith and superstition. We must not forget that we are human; that, far too often, we are personalities, with all the limitations and tendencies inherent in personality, and that we are liable to err. Faith and superstition: we must have faith, but we must not be superstitious, and there is always a tendency to be either superstitious or skeptical,—the opposite poles of the same thing on the same plane. The rank materialist, as was said not long ago at a New York Branch meeting, is identical, in essence, with the man who is credulous.

The method of Theosophy, in one respect, is exactly the same as the method of science. A student of chemistry should choose a professor in whom he has confidence, and should listen to the teaching of that professor, and should obey his orders, and should carry out the experiments as indicated or prescribed by his professor. Now if the student of chemistry, as occasionally happens, confuses things that he has heard, with things that he has done and has proved—he will be making a very serious mistake. Suppose, for instance, that because his professor has told him something, he asserts, for that and for no other reason, that he *knows* so and so is the truth: actually, he does not know anything of the kind, unless he has put it to the test, unless he has experimented. Once he has experimented and has gained first-hand knowledge, he may claim to *know*,—as, for instance, that three chemical elements in combination will produce a substance of such and such a kind.

The same principle applies in the study of Theosophy. Those whose habit it is to think themselves wiser than their instructors, will never learn. On the other hand, those who think that because they have read something in *The Secret Doctrine*, they *know*, should try to realize that they do not know anything at all, except that H.P.B. said it, and that they *will* know something only if they will do as H.P.B. prescribed, and make the experiment, and so find out from first-hand experience that she was telling us the truth. Faith is absolutely necessary, but it must be the right kind of faith and not the wrong kind; it must not be the kind that is comparable to swallowing a mental pill. We must think and meditate; we must dig into our own experience for analogies; if we cannot find spiritual analogies in our experience, we must find them in lower nature, on the principle of *Demon est Deus inversus:* for things must be *acted upon*, as well as believed. That is of supreme importance. It is the man who mistakes book-learning for knowledge, who is dogmatic; and dogmatism is in bad taste and is detestable.

Mr. Judge was constantly telling us to "use discrimination always", not to accept statements merely because they are made. For instance, somebody says: "In view of the fact that H.P.B. states the Kumaras are identical with the Destroyers, would it not follow that the reason we grow senile so rapidly and go to pieces physically is because we have too much of the Kumaras in us—what are we going to do about that?" There are students who would at once accept the premise that H.P.B. said the Kumaras are the same as the Destroyers,—though, so far as I am aware, she said nothing of the kind. Moral: be sure of your facts; challenge statements, and when they are accompanied with "H.P.B. said", ask for chapter and verse,—and then be sure she did not say next to the opposite on the following page, which frequently happens,—her blessed effort to keep us straight.

We must not allow *The Secret Doctrine* or *Isis* or the *Mahatma Letters* to become a sort of dead-letter Bible. When it comes to the *Mahatma Letters*, I wish to go further, because,

in simple fact, that book is thoroughly misleading. Those Letters should never have been published. It was a most dishonourable proceeding, and the book inevitably has the Karma of that betrayal. Those letters were written to certain individuals, at a certain time, for certain specific purposes. It is stated in them that they must never be published, and then someone, having obtained them after the death of Sinnett, took it upon himself to think, not only that he knew better than the writers (whoever they were), but that he had the right to violate their expressed wishes. The book contains letters supposed to have been written by the Master M. and the Master K. H., which are as foreign to the purpose and spirit of those Masters as anything conceivably could be. There is no need to go into details at a Convention. Perhaps some day it may be written about. But there is no question whatsoever about the facts. I can give you one instance. There is a letter signed K. H. in which Sinnett is asked to edit a newspaper to be published in India, and to pretend to a certain attitude which he did not actually have—quite the opposite; to pretend that he was sympathetic to a certain party in India, in order to raise money for the newspaper's publication. Of course, any one who could suppose that a Master could make such a contemptible and dishonourable suggestion, would prove that his understanding of the Masters was a minus quantity. Fortunately, it so happens that H.P.B. wrote at the same time to Sinnett (published in her *Letters*), saying that if Sinnett were to listen to any such proposition, it would be, from her point of view, utterly wrong and outrageous.

Let us, then, avoid blind acceptance of statements made in books. Do not let us deceive ourselves and imagine that we know something because we have read something. We must work these things out in terms of first-hand experience. For too much of the time we are personalities, and personalities have a tendency to materialize everything. We must beware of that in ourselves. The universe is not a mechanism; it is a poem. I do not mean a jazz poem, not *vers libre;* but a poem, based necessarily upon the laws of rhythm, of sound, of music. *The Secret Doctrine* will never be understood, except as a great poem. It contains many references to science and to all sorts of things; but these are only incidental. It is a poem, because it describes the universe truly, and the universe is a poem. We have had enough of the mechanical interpretation of history, of life, and, incidentally, of Karma. Most people, when told that "rigid justice rules the world", immediately see scales and weights: here is a sin, and there a penalty, and one equals the other. That is not Theosophy! Karma is perfect justice, but poetic justice—thank heaven! where should we be, otherwise? You remember what H.P.B. says in the Notes to the *Voice of the Silence* about the wall formed by living Masters, who keep away from us and from the world the evil Karma which humanity has built up—and we among humanity. What does that mean if not a temporary "vicarious atonement"? And how can you reconcile the idea of vicarious atonement with a mechanical interpretation of Karma? How reconcile the mechanical interpretation of Karma with the facts of life as you know them? For instance, the self-sacrifice of a mother, saving her child from all kinds of evils by the power of her unselfish love. She has the right to give out of her own Karma, to contribute,—to save, to help, to spare, and she does it just as Masters do it. Do you suppose we are all judged on our "merits"? No, fortunately we are not!

It has often seemed to me that, so far as women go, the more worthless the child, the more the mother cares for the child. Often the same is true of husbands and brothers—the more worthless, the more loved. Perhaps we men, instead of feeling superior, should be thankful. And perhaps the Masters partake of feminine nature to that extent, combining in themselves all perfections; and perhaps that is why some of us are here this morning. Pity has a great deal to do with love in some cases—for there are all kinds of love, just as there are all kinds of people, all kinds of universes, and all kinds of universes within this universe. It is part of the splendour and glory of life that it is so. To all appearance, we are personalities and no more,—and often, I fear, very unpleasant. I should say that almost any personality must be that, just because it is personality. But these personalities are veils, or hiding-places. You may remember one of the Threnodies of Pindar, in which he quotes from the Orphic Mysteries, and where he sings: "I am a child of Earth and of Starry Heaven, but my race is of Heaven, and it is from the pure that I come". That is true of us: in spite of faults and

failings, and in spite of personality, *that* is what we are. It is from the starry heavens that we came forth, and it is to the starry heavens that we are destined to return. So we must learn to look behind the appearances of things, to look into the heart of things, into the soul of things, to listen to that divine poem which every soul among us sings.

You know what Emerson said: every man must become a new-born bard of the Holy Ghost. Yet it is not a question of *becoming;* we *are* that thing, and we must enter into that world of dream—the dream which is the only reality—and find ourselves there, living instead of asleep.

Just one word more—practical rather than theoretical. We have been told these things from the very beginning, and when the next Lodge Messenger comes (something that we think about a great deal), I really cannot believe that he will give us any more "instruction". We have had so much instruction,—and, alas! have done so little about it. You will remember that in *Isis* and again in *The Secret Doctrine*, H.P.B. speaks of Vishnu "thinking of himself as the father of the world". She adds, This thinking of oneself as this, that or the other is the chief factor in the production of every kind of psychic or even physical phenomena. In what way do we think of ourselves? Are we or are we not perpetually identifying ourselves, perhaps with the body, its pains, its deficiencies; or with the mind or with our emotions, instead of identifying ourselves with that child of the starry heavens? What we need is to think of ourselves as *being what we are.* More than that, we need to see ourselves as doing that which we know we ought to do. Too much emphasis is laid sometimes on the will. Far more use needs to be made of the imagination. Some French writer on psychology pointed out that if you want to get up in the morning promptly, see yourself the night before as springing out of bed,—rather than, by mere effort of will, trying to decide that you will do so.

That is the practical suggestion that I have to make: use imagination more. See yourself as doing the thing that you want to do, that your own higher nature tells you that you ought to do—and it will become easy, instead of difficult, to do it. Remember H.P.B.'s original advice, repeated constantly ever since: that if you want to produce magical phenomena within yourself, think of yourself as being this, that or the other, see yourself as doing, thinking, feeling, this, that or the other. It is a method based upon faith, upon conviction; but if ever we are to escape from the bonds of the personality and its limitations, from wrong self-identification and from all the folly that goes with it, there is only one way in which that can be accomplished,—the way of right self-identification, of deep, immovable faith in that which we really are. By making that faith vivid and constant, we can become consciously alive in the world of reality, in the world of Masters and the Lodge.

The report of the Executive Committee having been accepted with thanks, the Chairman called on Miss Perkins to report as Secretary T. S.

### Report of the Secretary T. S. for the Year Ending April 30th, 1932

Miss Perkins: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members:* I have the honour to submit the following report:

#### Branch Activities

In the survey of Branch work, the reports of which have been full of interest, it seems fitting to speak chiefly of Branches not represented here by delegates, since from the delegates we shall hope for personal reports, later. Let us start with England, where the difficulties of present conditions are greatly intensified by the disrepute attaching to Theosophy there because the name is associated with the Adyar Society and with other pseudo-theosophical organizations. The Newcastle Branch, which has carried on its usual lines of work, with sustained interest, notes, regretfully, that this is the third successive year when the Society records the death of one of its older members; this year, Mr. Johnston; last year, Dr. Keightley; the preceding, Col. Knoff: all of them remembered with deep gratitude. On Convention day, the Branch meets "to get more in touch with things". Personal distribution is made of the sum which would be sent to Headquarters for dues, had not the Executive Committee directed that the European Branches should, instead, devote the amount to Allied relief work; one

portion went to the family of a stranger who after four years' war-service subscribed, from an Army hospital, for the QUARTERLY which he had found in some library—his wife wrote, "You are the only ones from whom I have ever had anything". The Norfolk, being a Branch that meets only through correspondence, takes a stated portion of some book for a month's study; each member writes comments and asks questions that are answered by all the others —an interchange which, they say, "has created greater unity and comradeship, one advantage of the correspondence plan being that personalities do not enter into it". They devote the month of April to preparation for Convention, and August to study of the Convention Report. The New York Reports are circulated and greatly appreciated. Their book of the year, *Letters that have Helped Me*, Vol. II, has been of special interest in connection with the letters from Mr. Judge appearing in the QUARTERLY; they feel that more life has been evident this year, greater interest, and more thoughtful study. The Branch in South Shields reports the presence of many inquirers at their public meetings; in their meetings for members they are "seeking to help each other to live the theosophic life and to create a centre of right thought"; on Convention Sunday they are to hold a special meeting to which they have invited the members of our near-by Branches. In Whitley Bay, the Branch has completed the *Key to Theosophy*, and begun *The Secret Doctrine* at the request of their newer members; they are working earnestly, striving to learn, and to help one another to live up to their ideals. Beside the information contained in the Reports of the New York Branch meetings, members welcome in them an opportunity to unite with their fellows in oneness of purpose; and have resolved that on Convention day all members shall be there, in thought. Gateshead Branch has one of the Whitley Bay members for its President; they report that they are getting well grounded in Theosophy.

On the Continent, members consider it part of their duty to learn the language in which the Masters chose to transmit the teaching, through H.P.B. and subsequently. Regarding the Branch in Arvika, the newly-elected President writes: "Most of us wish above all to *live* the theosophic life, to increase our devotion to the Cause; the encouraging factors we see, are the love we already have for it and for each other". Mention is made of the widow of the founder of the Branch who, in spite of her eighty years, writes to them every week and, from her distant home, follows their studies. Mr. Johnston's visit of many years ago is still a vivid memory. "We have", the writer says, "his articles and scriptures, things which never die. Mrs. Amy Zetterquist has left us too, but we may be thankful for all we get from such persons—and that *they have lived*." In Oslo, half the meetings are public and half for members; they have completed their study of Mr. Griscom's "Elementary Articles", and have taken up the Convention Report and the fortnightly ones from New York. They begin and end meetings with a period of silence; the reading of a selection from "Fragments" always precedes their discussion, which is devoted to some phase of the art of "living the life". The Aussig Branch has studied the Reports of Convention and of New York meetings, the QUARTERLY articles on H.P.B., and Mr. Griscom's "Letters to Students"; those letters have given them new incitement and courage in their united endeavour to help all Germans by striking hard at what is German in themselves, conquering their wrong tendencies, striving to "grow holy". Regarding the purposes of Germany, they say: "It is very madness for the Allied nations to discuss equalization of armament with Germany and countries that are her partisans, without considering moral defects and their previous experiences. The best way for us to help the Lodge under such circumstances seems to be to discern the real character of the German nature in all domains of life,—recalling that 'to see is to enable others to see; to repent is to bring others to repentance'. A German Catholic magazine, *Die Allgemeine Rundschau*, has published four special issues about the Belgian cruelties; its editor made a pilgrimage to the well-known Belgian villages where the worst crimes were perpetrated, and published the evidence he collected. There was also a remarkable article on Goethe, giving his significant opinions about his own nation, some of which are very bitter for German ears." The Secretary of one of the Berlin study classes, which has maintained its meetings throughout the year, writes: "As far as our country is concerned, there has been no improvement; the veil of darkness is growing more and more dense,—no repentance." From another Berlin study

class comes expression of gratitude for having been taught to see the moral guilt of their nation; they declare: "We cannot say how thankful we are to the editors of the QUARTERLY and all workers for it; especially in the 'Screen of Time', we have seen what has occurred in our country as we could never have seen it except for those clear statements of the issue."

Turning to American Branches: In Cincinnati, they meet weekly, studying on alternate evenings *The Secret Doctrine* and *Patanjali's Yoga Sutras;* both have proved of vital interest. Satisfactory attendance has been maintained, the Branch library, over which Miss Hohnstedt presides, is in active use, and in spite of hardships their work is going forward, steadfastly. The Middletown Branch, a small band of devoted members, has had a number of inquirers to whom books and other help have been given; their immediate effort is to make as much united progress as may be possible. Mr. Box reports that the Branch in Los Angeles has continued the study of Mr. Johnston's edition of the *Yoga Sutras.* "In Books III and IV", he writes, "we find much that we do not understand about the highest levels of consciousness; yet this shows clearly that only so far as our own increasing effort takes us toward the higher life of which they treat, can we draw nearer to the Masters of whom they give a glimpse: this we regard as the season's lesson." The *Yoga Sutras* has also been studied by the Branch in Denver, desiring "to cement Mr. Johnston's close relation to the Branch, and to express its appreciation and deep regard". Their discussions have included Professor Mitchell's *Meditation;* material from the QUARTERLY; and the New York Reports, of which they say: "Beside the interest of their subject matter, acquaintance with the names of those speaking is beginning to create [among newer members] a sense of solidarity with the Society as a whole; they have become more responsible in relation to our own meetings: this the older members regard as the greatest accomplishment of the year." The Toronto Branch report comes from Mr. Harris, a member of our Executive Committee, who records that their fortnightly meetings were carried on through the summer, at the request of members; chief attention being given to the devotional aspects of Theosophy, in which the New York Reports have been of great help. He writes: "The most encouraging feature has been the real effort to study Theosophy as a guide in life which supplies the incentive to right living, which many have failed to find elsewhere. Most members take active part in the meetings; many books are being lent."

The Branch in Caracas, Venezuela, is deserving of the highest credit for their self-sacrificing publication of *El Teósofo,* which invariably contains matter of value and which is a real contribution to Theosophy itself, as well as to the Spanish-speaking world.

## HEADQUARTERS' ACTIVITIES

### *Theosophical Quarterly*

With the July number, our magazine will enter its XXXth volume. From a modest beginning in 1903, Mr. Clement Griscom had built a periodical of such worth and standing that on his sudden death at the close of 1918, his associates found its continuance both a necessity and a fitting memorial of his devoted service. Thus, for 29 years the Movement has had an organ in which its original purpose, spirit, and aim are embodied with ever increasing clarity of presentation, and with an intensity of devotion which expresses the life exfoliating from within the Society. Ten invaluable volumes of *The Path* record Mr. Judge's work; the productive term of the two magazines started by H.P.B. was even shorter, for her ideals were abandoned when she had to leave their editorial expression to others. The 29 volumes of our magazine are a still more remarkable achievement, in that they cover the first quarter of the century when there could not be the same kind of outpouring that characterizes the last quarter. It is the few who plan and produce the magazine—inspiring other few to contribute all they can: we of the rank and file are the beneficiaries, and may therefore, with no shade of self-gratulation, openly rejoice in such a periodical. Many are the readers who turn to this magazine for light—as one wrote, "I would not miss any of its numbers; their incentive and inspiration is greatly needed as the confusion of existence increases, making right thought and action difficult to determine". A wide range of possible readers is reached through the libraries which make our issues accessible in their periodical room; and an edition on "imperishable paper", the gift of a member, is preserved in libraries at the principal world centres; the donor

hopes that in future days the QUARTERLY may there speak to the hearts of men, servants of the Movement in past ages, who will be groping their way back.

*Book Department*

While the Book Department is a separate organization, the Society not being responsible for obligations it may incur, its object in publishing books is to be of help to the Work. Were this generally understood, some members would be better supplied with books needed in their studies. Financial difficulties need be no barrier to securing our books, for if the one desired costs $1.50, and 50 cents is all the member can spend, arrangements can be made through a special fund, already in operation in the Secretary's office, for the purchase of needed books. During this year there has been the customary sale of books, somewhat diminished in volume because of the financial depression. Special interest in the books by Mr. Charles Johnston was shown in the months following his death.

*Secretary's Office*

This winter many letters have been received from members who wished to pay tribute to the memory of Mr. Johnston and to give some expression to their gratitude; it is evident that his loss is widely and deeply felt; also that many are sensible of the additional load that must now be carried by the remaining older members, for there was frequent record of determination to contribute one's very best to the Society, through the right performance of daily duty.

An important addition to our "travelling library" is a bound set of the early volumes of the QUARTERLY which have long been out of print. There must be many members who have never had opportunity to read these—and now it is offered to them. In addition, there is at the disposition of members a set of the volumes of *The Path*, temporarily loaned for that purpose. Since transportation charges may be paid by those who borrow from this library, there need be no hesitation about using these facilities.

There are many to whom the Society is indebted for work gladly undertaken on its behalf—too many to be named here, but all are gratefully remembered. The Assistant Secretary, whose stenographic notes give us such full record of the Convention addresses, also takes notes of the New York Branch meetings; these are condensed by another member, skilled in the art of laying hold upon essentials and reproducing the atmosphere of each meeting. Certain parts of the distribution work for each issue of our magazine were again done by the two who have assumed this for a number of years. With great generosity, a member secured funds from which to pay the salary of a competent stenographic assistant in the Secretary's office; and another member repeated, through this office, a special contribution to the general T.S. fund—more than covering the sum which dues from foreign members formerly brought into the treasury. The Secretary is grateful for so much help; is grateful, above all, for the great privilege of serving the Society as Secretary, with the resultant opportunity not only to observe how our ship is steered and handled in all kinds of weather, but to seek guidance and counsel from those older members, who are so ready to give of their best to the humblest among us if he be seeking to learn in order to serve the Theosophical Movement.

Respectfully submitted,

ISABEL E. PERKINS,

*Secretary, The Theosophical Society.*

The thanks and appreciation of the Convention having unanimously been voted to the Secretary, for all the services which she so faithfully renders, the Chairman announced the appointment of the three standing committees as follows:

*Committee on Nominations:* Dr. Clark (Chairman), Mr. LaDow, Mrs. Regan.

*Committee on Letters of Greeting:* Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell (Chairman), Mr. Kobbé, Mrs. Armstrong.

*Committee on Resolutions:* Mr. Hargrove (Chairman), Dr. Torrey, Miss Hohnstedt.

The Convention then adjourned until the afternoon session, all members and delegates being invited to lunch as guests of the New York Branch.

*Afternoon Session*

The first business being the Report of the Treasurer, Mr. Hargrove took the Chair, Mr. H. B. Mitchell then submitting his report as follows:

REPORT OF THE TREASURER T. S.

APRIL 25TH, 1931—APRIL 30TH, 1932

| *Receipts* | | *Disbursements* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Current Dues | $337.41 | Printing and mailing the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY (4 numbers) | $3,718.92 |
| General Contributions and Donations to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY | 869.82 | Stationery and Supplies | 76.56 |
| Subscriptions to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and Propaganda Fund | 1,976.22 | Printing | 122.75 |
| Special Contributions | 900.00 | Rent | 150.00 |
| Special: Refund of Rent | 150.00 | Telephone and Miscellaneous | 112.56 |
| | 4,233.45 | | |
| 1933 Dues, prepaid | 196.00 | | |
| Total Receipts | 4,429.45 | Total Disbursements | 4,180.79 |
| Balance, April 25th, 1931 | 226.86 | Balance, April 30th, 1932 | 475.52 |
| | $4,656.31 | | $4,656.31 |

| *Assets* | | *Liabilities* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| On deposit, Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company, April 30th, 1932 | $475.52 | 1933 Dues, prepaid | $196.00 |
| | | Excess of Assets over Liabilities | 279.52 |
| | | | $475.52 |

HENRY BEDINGER MITCHELL,
*Treasurer, The Theosophical Society.*

The Treasurer, after expressing his thanks to the Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Kobbé, called the attention of delegates to the discrepancy between the cost of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY and the price at which it was sold. "I do not think", he said, "that it is sound business or sound morals or sound Theosophy to sell for twenty-five cents, what it costs forty-six cents to manufacture, with the cost of postage in addition. As you know, nobody is paid anything in the making of the QUARTERLY, except the printer." He suggested that the annual dues of the Society should be maintained at $2.00, but that a separate charge of $2.00 a year, or fifty cents a copy, should be made for the Society's magazine.

MR. HARGROVE reminded members that if anyone cannot afford to pay his dues, he need only inform the Treasurer or the Secretary of his inability, whereupon his dues would at once be remitted, without impairment to his standing as a member; and that exactly the same principle would apply to a subscription to the QUARTERLY. "Poverty is no disgrace, and to be ashamed to ask for a remission of payment would be a surrender to false pride."

MR. J. F. B. MITCHELL moved that the subscription to the QUARTERLY be $2.00 for members and non-members alike; that members shall be under no obligation to subscribe, especially if English be not their native tongue, and that annual dues to the Society shall be as in the past, $2.00 a year, although non-American members should continue to transmit their dues to some responsible organization for the relief of Allied soldiers or sailors who were disabled during the Great War. He added that this change should go into effect at once, except for non-member subscribers; in their case, following the usual custom, they should be notified of the increased rate prior to the expiration of their subscription. He expressed the hope that if any members should find it impossible to pay the additional $2.00 for the QUARTERLY, they would notify the Secretary promptly, for otherwise Headquarters would be put to the trouble and expense of writing to inquire the cause of any delay in payment. Inability to pay could

not be assumed by the Secretary; there should be frank, prompt and explicit statement, when necessary, of financial stringency.

This motion, having been seconded, was discussed by Mr. Ganson, Mr. LaDow, Mr. Saxe, and Dr. Woodworth, and, when put to the vote, was carried unanimously. The Treasurer's report was then formally accepted, with thanks to the Treasurer and Assistant Treasurer, after which Mr. H. B. Mitchell resumed the chair and called for the report of the Committee on Nominations.

### Report of the Committee on Nominations

Dr. Clark presented the following nominations: for the two vacancies on the Executive Committee, Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell and Mr. Auchincloss to succeed themselves; for Secretary T. S., Miss Perkins; for Assistant Secretary, Miss Chickering; for Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Mitchell; for Assistant Treasurer, Mr. Kobbé.

It was voted that the Secretary be instructed to cast one ballot for the election of officers as nominated, and that the Committee be discharged with thanks.

The report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting was then called for.

### Report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting

Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell: You will remember the "Fragment" that speaks of the chêla taken up to a high point and shown the darkness of the world—then little points of light appear, with connecting lines between them. I like to think of these greetings as coming from centres of light all over the world, lines of light from them to this Convention.

Mr. Mitchell then read, amid frequent applause, the letters and other greetings to the Convention, extracts from which are printed at the end of the Convention report.

The report of the Committee on Letters of Greeting having been duly accepted with the thanks of the Convention, the report of the Committee on Resolutions was called for.

### Report of the Committee on Resolutions

Mr. Hargrove: This is going to be a very brief report, so far as the Chairman of the Committee is concerned, but there are certain resolutions that must be put before you. I am going to ask Dr. Torrey to represent the Committee, and to speak for the Committee; its Chairman, later on, may perhaps have the privilege of speaking as a member of the New York Branch, if there is time, though there are a number of people present from whom we want to hear. No formal resolutions have been sent in by Branches, therefore it was not necessary for your Committee to have a very long conference, because we agreed automatically and, let us say, from habit, upon the following:

First, that the Chairman of the Executive Committee be authorized and requested to acknowledge, on behalf of this Convention, the letters of greeting to which we have had the great pleasure of listening.

Second, that the officers of the Society be authorized to visit the Branches.

Third, that the thanks of the Convention be extended to the New York Branch for the hospitality shown during the Convention.

These resolutions were carried unanimously.

Dr. Torrey: At these Conventions it is a custom to take note of the thought of the world, and particularly as regards its approach to the Theosophical philosophy expounded by Madame Blavatsky and others. So at this time I wish to speak of a scientific matter whose note was sounded in an editorial in last October's number of the Quarterly.

It appears that not long ago Dr. Alexis Carrel contributed an article to the Journal, *Science*, in which he points out that the science of cytology has not made the advance commensurate with the great labours which have been expended upon it, and suggests that this unfortunate situation is due to the fundamental error of treating the cell as though it were dissociated from its environment. That the fact to which he refers is true, any biologist can bear witness. Our text-books abound with pictures of the ideal cell where, within a closed cellulose membrane, is represented a full equipment of nucleus, chloroplasts, chondriosomes and the other cytological

elements. Indeed, it is even uncommon for the student to be told that the separate protoplasts of the plant cells are actually connected by minute plasma chains which pierce the rigid cellulose walls.

This dissociation and abstraction of the cell from its true place in the environment of the body is but another instance of the disease of Nineteenth Century science. It was a time of "hardness, primness and precise limitation of ideas"—a time of limited exactitudes in which the measure of the intellect was regarded as the measure of reality. Faced with a complex system, either physical or mental, the mind dissociates it into its simplest elements and proceeds to study each element separately. Then it reverses the order of its activity and through synthesis strives to create the original situation. But unfortunately the original situation is, in this way, never really recreated. For in order that the mind may grasp the simple elements of the situation it has reduced them to their central foci or points. It deliberately rejects all that tends to obscure the precision of the view. As a consequence, all that makes for true significance in the elements; all the values which we attribute to the things of the world, such as better or worse, socially beneficent or inimical, pleasant or unpleasant—in a word the "field" which surrounds the elements as well as the totality—falls out of sight, and in the synthetic reconstruction we have only a mechanical aggregation of discrete parts.

I am very sure that we have here the basis for the age-long quarrel between the scientist and the intuitionalist. The latter affirms that science kills everything which it touches; the former retorts that the intuitionalist drifts about in a cloud of vagueness and rhapsody.

The matter is definitely paradoxical, and the practical solution, as in most cases of the sort, is to choose "a seat which is neither too high nor too low". The Nineteenth Century chose its seat too low. Having analyzed matter into hard, massy, impenetrable particles (which it never could have done had it not deliberately neglected the *field* of the atom), it built the universe out of separate atoms and was forced to import the "logical fiction" of an ether to explain interaction. Such a view will not explain the chemical compound even, to say nothing of life and mind. Mechanism in biology was the outcome of the view which holds that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts.

Dr. Carrel's paper marks a growing tendency to recognize that no element of a system lives to itself alone. As the editorial in the QUARTERLY suggests, it attacks the "dire heresy of separateness". The cell is only the focus upon which play the forces of the whole organism. The lymph in which it is bathed and which forms its liquid medium of exchange with the blood, is never for two seconds the same, since it is constantly being altered by the secretions of the cell itself and by the secretions and excretions of every other cell in the body. The changing electrolyte content of the lymph alters the permeability of the cell membranes and is evidenced by increased or decreased metabolism. In addition to this, the cell, as Carrel points out, is the result of what it has passed through individually and racially; so there is a temporal as well as a spatial factor in the environment.

All this comes close to a doctrine which is appearing in modern biology and which is variously known as Holism (a term used by General Jan Smuts), or Emergent Evolution. Some of us may have known it as the Hierarchical Principle. In the words of General Smuts: "A Whole is a synthesis or unity of parts, so close that it affects the activities and interactions of those parts, impresses on them a special character, and makes them different from what they would have been in a combination devoid of such unity or synthesis. It is a complex of parts but so close and intimate, so unified that the characters and relations and activities of the parts are affected and changed by the synthesis".

In this concept lies one of our most intimate Theosophical doctrines. It is neither more nor less than the doctrine of the Unity of Being. Implicit in it is the teaching of the Lodge and its Wholeness, as well as the relations of Masters and chêlas. A study of natural wholes will reveal the key to the mystery of the organism.

Biological science, then, is approaching in hesitant fashion this fundamental Theosophical doctrine. Her present position, however, is scarcely advanced beyond the recognition of the physical environment as the field of the organism. We have noted this in Dr. Carrel's contribution. He sees, indeed, that the time factor as well as the chemico-physical properties of

the environment, is involved in the matter, but the importance of the time factor in the present world-field was recognized by Laplace over a hundred years ago when he wrote: "Nous devons donc envisager l'état présent de l'univers comme l'effet de son état antérieur."

A second illustration will indicate how the principle of Holism is making headway in various biological fields.

One of the aspects of biology is what we call ecology. It is the study which concerns itself with plants or animals in relation to their physical and biological environments. The plant ecologist saw very early that his unit of study should be the plant community,—that is, a group of plants living under a well defined condition of climate and soil. Such, for example, are the salt-marsh formation, the sand-dune formation, the Arctic-tundra formation. I am sure that the earlier concept of the formation was, as a philosopher would say, nominalistic. It was only a useful classificatory term for a mechanical assemblage of plants in a given environment. The study consisted in refined measurements of soil and water factors, in taxonomic identifications of the plants, and in the formulation of a host of barbarous terms for old facts. In other words, the whole method of study was of the analytic-synthetic type.

Some ten years ago Clements put forward the suggestion, regarded at that time as fanciful, that the formation is an organism; that is, Clements had come to the holistic conception of the formation, just as Carrel has come to it for the tissue. In his own words: "The concept of the complex organism was formulated as a logical consequence of recognizing that the development of the community is an organic process, carried on by means of functions and resulting in structures, essentially as in the individual plant or animal. The community thus came to be regarded as something more than the mere sum of its parts, as an entity in which the component individuals bear much the same relation to themselves and the whole as do the cells of metaphyte or metazoön. To biologists such a view appeared novel and startling when first proposed, and it was in consequence much criticized. In spite of this it is steadily gaining a wider acceptance and by dynamic ecologists generally is recognized as the corner stone of developmental ecology. This recognition has been hastened by its more or less independent use as the basic idea in the philosophical system of the emergent evolutionists."

So, in its own notion, science has made a new discovery. Through the New Physics the bolder spirits such as General Smuts are drawing close to the Theosophical position. They have recognized a space-time continuum and have seen that the organism has its wholeness in the new medium—that it is, so to speak, a hyperspatial entity, and that its "field" embraces conditions of existence which cannot be grasped through sensuous experience. The human senses, moreover, do not report accurately even that which is amenable to their reach, since, as has so often been pointed out, the perceiving mind is limited by desire. Furthermore, with the recognition of the organic nature of all Wholes, the fact of cyclic law as the method of all development is slowly coming to the fore.

Yet the scientist is still far from the Theosophical position. Though he recognizes the fact that organic evolution continually creates new wholes, he does not recognize the prëexistence of the thing created. Life, to him, is creative along the border of the advancing time wave. He has yet to understand the words of Krishna: "With one portion of Myself I establish this whole universe, yet remain separate."

The report of the Committee on Resolutions having been accepted with the thanks of the Convention, the Chairman called on Mr. Rivero to speak for the Rama Venezuela of Caracas.

MR. RIVERO: *Mr. Chairman and Fellow Members*, This is again the propitious day, the great solar day! The Venezuela Branch has done me the high honour of designating me as its delegate to "this assembly of men and gods". I have accepted humbly and with emotion the noble charge, realizing the high opportunity, the high responsibility it represents,—animated deeply by intense, disinterested fervour in serving the Masters.

With that character, therefore, and in that spirit, I have to-day the privilege of greeting the members of The Theosophical Society in Convention assembled, with the fraternal voice of their Venezuelan companions.

For some time I have been residing in this country, and know of the works of my Branch only through its organ, *El Teósofo*, and through the correspondence I have exchanged with my fellow-members in Caracas. I have just received a summary of the work done during the official year in behalf of the Great Cause, by the members of the Branch, and I am permitted to speak to you clearly in their name. My exposition here will be by no means a mere broadcasting, for my heart is ever a true receiver of the wave initiated by the effort of my companions, as if I were present there with them. This has been, in truth, an unprecedented experience for me. But is not Theosophy the total experience of life, whose synthesis includes in itself all consciousness, from its least significant manifestation to the most transcendental? Consequently, I am going to talk to you of the work of my Branch, lived by my companions there in one form, and by me, with them in spirit, in another.

To begin with, *El Teósofo* is opening a cycle of pre-Colombian investigations, of a mystic-religious character, with its study of the *Popol Vuh*. Quetzalcoatl is mentioned more to-day and one feels him nearer,—even the painters have placed him on their canvas; and Junapup and Ixbalamque, the heroes of the book, are thought of as living gods.

Among the collective studies undertaken by the members, I should mention (a) The letters of Mr. Judge to Mr. Hargrove and the luminous commentaries of the recipient, all of which form in one firm harmonious entity the historical epilogue of The Theosophical Society as seen from within, and superbly reveal how much we owe to Judge. In this connection, my fellow-members have asked me to let you know that in spite of the immense spiritual love for the figure of Judge, awakened in us by that admirable account in the columns of the QUARTERLY, in our Branch it was impossible to make that love any greater, for there it had already reached the apex of its fullness. Gratitude is the root of our Branch. (b) The three fundamental objects of The Theosophical Society—golden triangle of all activity, individual and universal —always are of a renewed actuality for our members. (c) The themes on the perpetual war between Good and Evil with its black progeny—extreme socialism and its horrifying sequels, for example—arouse frequently the most alert consideration. (d) The reports of the meetings of the New York Branch are read and fruitfully commented upon. The Venezuela Branch looks upon the New York Branch as on a guide, and endeavours to follow its direction and its programme. (e) Finally, at the meetings of our members, they read *Light on the Path* in the original,—and almost all continue with ardour to learn English.

Further, among the events of the Branch there stands out the commemoration of the centenary of the birth of H.P.B. It is opportune to mention also the homage rendered on that occasion to the glory of the Masters' Messenger by the important journals of Caracas, in pages of the warmest admiration. It was perhaps the only Capital of the whole world where, in that manner, she received a tribute so spontaneously significant.

An event of profound repercussion for the Branch was the passing of Mr. Johnston, whom many of the Venezuelan members had the rare privilege of knowing and loving. The Branch is grateful to him for that synthesis of his life in accepting with his death the will of the Master, as well as for his worthy resolution "to begin all over again". That is the legacy of his spiritual testament. May the intrepid servant repose in the militant peace and the eloquent silence of the Masters, while we hail him with the very words of the *Popol Vuh* that he cited, for our stimulation, in the first edition of *El Teósofo:* "Let the seeds germinate! Let the dawn arise!"

I could speak at greater length of the activities of the Branch, but I do not want to take advantage of your kind attention. Permit me only, for my companions ask it, to touch on one final point of profound significance for the Venezuelan members. It is this: they understand that at the head of every vital activity is one of the Masters of the Lodge as its representative and as its perfect incarnation. His work consists of awakening the human soul by means of his august guidance, by which is realized that evolutionary line in the heart of man. Our companions of Caracas direct me to tell you that, the two nights of meeting on which such a subject was discussed, inspiration rained upon them like a Pentecostal descent. Each member had discovered how his own destiny conducted him to an ideal, and how the Lodge of Masters was the sum divine of all the ideals of the heart of man.

In conclusion, if the Venezuela Branch could be represented by a sign, it would be that of

the swastika: perpetual motion; if by a motto, "Routine is the stupefier of Theosophy"; if by an immediate programme: The Lodge requires that we make ourselves disciples. Let us respond!

This is the propitious day, the great solar day!

THE CHAIRMAN: I do not know how many of us have had the privilege which has been mine, of actually seeing the magazine which the members of the Venezuela Branch produce. It is the greatest tribute to them that they *can* produce such a magazine. I think all of us feel a debt of gratitude to them, and of very sincere appreciation of the work that they are doing. [Applause.]

MISS HOHNSTEDT (Cincinnati): Like Mr. Rivero, I feel it a great privilege to be here, and realize the responsibility that is laid upon me. I think Conventions are always a time of solemnity, when our love and loyalty to the Masters is confirmed. I have with me something written by my brother which I was to read: "At a meeting last summer, when the work for the season was outlined, the members felt they would like to have a deeper understanding of Theosophy. A systematic study was suggested, and Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*, translated by Mr. Johnston, was unanimously chosen. This, in connection with *The Secret Doctrine*, which we have been studying for a number of years, seems to supply our needs, particularly and generally. At that time it was pointed out that, owing to conditions existing in the material world, the faith, will, intelligence and endurance of every member would be tested during the coming season. Happily, our knowledge of Theosophy has enabled us to meet these conditions with confidence, and to see somewhat the guiding hand of the Masters behind the affairs of the world."

MRS. ROSE (Providence): I am asked to bring greetings from those members of the Hope Branch who could not come. I think their regret was perhaps more than in any other year, but it was not possible for them to come. We have felt the strain on our small section of the firing-line, perhaps more than usual. During the past year we have been exceedingly grateful for the reports of the New York Branch meetings. We have used the reports for the main part of the work in our class; we have used, in addition, some of the articles on the Holy Spirit in the old QUARTERLIES. What the Branch feels at the present time is gratitude that we know even a little of Theosophy; and to express something of that gratitude, we have tried to keep a cheerful face and not be downed by this wall of depression which seems at times almost tangible. My last word is: *gratitude.*

The Pacific Branch of Los Angeles was represented by Mr. Saxe, who read the following extract from a letter from Mr. Walter H. Box: "In any event, what we should most like is that, at the Convention, you think of us as often as you can, and, of course, hold us as near to your heart as you can; this, as we do the same for you and for all who will be there, as well as for those who like ourselves will not be able to attend. . . . I have imagined there will be more than one heartfelt, appreciative mention of Mr. Johnston; and if that should be so, and you care to speak for us, will you please say as from us all: that we beg and beg as, doubtless, every one who knew him has done, for a 'double portion' of his spirit, of his vision, power, and love, —of his 'mantle', as its simile was to Elisha at the passing and glorification of Elijah; this, as well as for an ever-increasing or overflowing measure of the inner light, life, and fire which must have burst forth radiant and vicarious and compelling from the Lodge to both far and near, at *his* passing; because he was as he was, as Cavé's January 'Fragment' so plainly shows. So that we may love and serve as *he* did." Mr. Saxe added, "I think hearing this will make us all wish more than ever that Mr. Box could have been here."

The invitation to speak was then extended to any other delegates who might care to address the Convention. As none volunteered, the Chairman said that "this Convention should not, because of shortness of time, curtail what we usually hear from the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions on the state of the world". [Applause.]

MR. HARGROVE: I should suppose you would have had sense enough to be tired of the state of the world! However, so far as the state of the world means the so-called financial depression, the conviction of most of us is that nine-tenths of it is due to psychic causes. In this country,

the situation is not the same as it is in certain parts of Europe, because there is no doubt that, physically speaking, the wealth is here, the labour is here, the gold is here. (By wealth, I mean the natural wealth,—the corn, the wheat, the metals, the timber, and so forth.) Those in combination, ought to produce business, and one of the primary reasons that they do not produce business at the present time is a psychic fear that possesses so many people, which is merely nervous reaction, after the unnatural "boom" period which culminated and disappeared toward the end of 1929.

However true that may be, I want to suggest this for your consideration: If this country had done the right thing after the Great War, if it had recognized that its loans to the Allied countries had been made, not as business loans, but as a form of apology for not having entered into the war before,—I do not believe, myself, that there would have been any depression. There would have been nothing like the existing depression in the Allied countries. There would have been no such unwholesome "boom" as we had here in 1929. My point is not a political point, but the fact that if we try to do the right thing nationally, politically, and in our own lives, the results will take care of themselves. It is when we consider matters in terms of expediency that we become confused and almost inevitably do the wrong thing. After the Armistice, or in the beginning of 1919, if this country had considered solely what was the *right* thing to do in connection with these huge sums of money that England, France, Italy and other countries owe us; if this country had been ashamed of its long neutrality, and of its failure to take part at once in that war, which was a war for civilization, a war for justice, a war for righteousness,—there could have been only one decision; and, as I say, I do not believe there would have been a crisis in Europe to-day, or even in this country.

Another mistake was made, as I venture to see it, and that was the adoption of the theory that the present generation must be taxed sufficiently to pay for the war. Was that war fought only for the benefit of the present generation? Was it not fought for the benefit of future generations also? After the Napoleonic wars, on the theory that England had been right in fighting them, English statesmen agreed that the next dozen generations should, if necessary, help to pay for them.

In the case of the Great War, there was deplorable confusion of thought in this country as to why it was fought at all. The war began at the end of July, 1914. We were at once told, and were told with increasing emphasis, to be neutral in thought and in act,—told officially. Some people even tried to *be* neutral, I suppose—it should have been very difficult—while others were actively pro-German, and a few as actively pro-Ally. The country as a whole tried to make whatever money it could, by supplying ammunition, raw materials, foods and so forth to the Allies, and also to Germany when it could get things through. There were terrific outcries when the Allies interfered, as it was declared, with "the freedom of the seas". What right, it was asked, had England or France to prevent this country from selling munitions, food or anything else to Germany? So it went on, with complete failure, except on the part of a very few, to see the real issue, to understand what it was all about. Not until April, 1917, was there a sort of last-minute waking-up to the idea that when all was said and done this country *was* concerned as to the outcome of the war—a brand new revelation, apparently. The sinking of the "Lusitania" had not precipitated our entrance into the war. It irritated people, but in itself was not regarded as a reason for war. No, it was instinctively felt at long last that Germany had become a danger even to this country, and that the American voter was sufficiently irritated to be willing to go to war—no recognition, even at that time, of what it was all about. "To make the world safe for democracy"! I do not believe a man in any army fought for any such reason. The idea was invented in Washington. It was not a human motive; it was—I was going to say a professors' motive, but stopped in time! Fortunately, the professors here present will know exactly what I mean. Naturally enough, as the result of a complete lack of understanding, this country adopted the attitude, when the war was over, that it had to collect all it possibly could from the Allies, who had fought throughout those terrible years without the slightest help from us—millions of lives of the Allies sacrificed, as against less than a hundred thousand of Americans killed.

Another physical cause: while England has the Dole, we have our War Veterans. That is

one of the worst of scandals. We are asked to worry about scandals in New York, but what is going on in New York is child's play in comparison with the great American Dole system. From a carefully prepared statement in *The New York Times*, we learn that for the benefit of World War veterans, this country has paid out five and a half billions of dollars since the Armistice; and that sum does not include the interest on the money that has been borrowed in order to do it; nor does it include a billion and a quarter already advanced in the form of loans, nor two billions, three hundred and ninety millions of issued service certificates that are going to be redeemed sooner or later. So things have come to a point where, even on a five-and-a-half billion basis (only about half of what has been spent), the annual expenditure on World War veterans to-day amounts to one fourth of the total expenditure for all Government services. Things have been carried to this extraordinary point because, while the original bills were bad enough, politicians, wanting to catch a few more votes, have "improved" on those original bills. At the present time, under an amendment of 1930, a veteran injured by a taxi-cab in Forty-third Street, acquires privileges similar to those of a veteran wounded by gun-fire in the Argonne. As long as a veteran lives, if he crushes his finger in his daily work, he acquires at least as much as a veteran wounded in the Argonne! When the country is vampirized like that, how can you expect it to be prosperous?

Those are three blunders which I think contribute largely to the physical causes of the present depression: the insistence on the repayment of Allied war loans, the folly of trying to force the present generation to meet all the costs of the war instead of distributing the cost over future generations, and this iniquitous "steal" that has been perpetrated by politicians in order to get the votes of the organized body of veterans.

People find it very difficult, somehow, to recognize facts. The world as a whole simply will not look at a fact, when an emotion of any kind is not in line with the fact. Take the question of disarmament: you know the feeling there is in this country for disarmament, and that Mr. Stimson is in Europe at the present time, working for disarmament. You know the feeling that France is an obstacle to disarmament; that her criticism of it is wicked, and must necessarily mean evil and hidden and imperialistic designs, though all that France asks is that we take the facts into consideration. America says: Look at us! "Look at our example: there is Canada, and that vast frontier-line with no forts, no guns: have we an army of half a million men, protecting ourselves against her!" America seems to think this an analogy for the situation in Europe, when the fact is that France has been invaded by Germany at least ten times in the last few hundred years.

What does disarmament mean? Suppose two men are neighbours, and that one of them owns one gun, and the other, three; suppose the man with three guns is compelled to surrender two, or even that both men are persuaded to surrender all their guns: is peace between them assured? If one of the men by nature is a robber and a thief, will he not take advantage of this "disarmament", provide himself with weapons surreptitiously, and attack his neighbour unawares? Not long ago I saw two taxi-cab drivers, not standing up and fighting, but rolling over one another on the pavement, blind with rage, trying to gouge out one another's eyes. They had no weapons except their hands.

Obviously people are going to fight if they feel like fighting, and you can go through all the motions of so-called disarmament without accomplishing a thing,—except an added exposure of peace-loving, treaty-observing, law-abiding nations, to attack. The disarmament programme is a complete refusal to recognize facts, and as it is one of the purposes of Theosophy to help us honestly to look facts in the face—not to deceive ourselves, not to permit ourselves to be hypnotized by shibboleths—it is important that we, as members of the Society, should never lose sight of the truth in this connection.

I should like to add something on a very different subject, if I may. I realize once in a while that some of us are growing older, and also that, as we grow older, life does not of necessity become easier. I connect that with what Mr. Johnston said about the last year of his life having been the most fruitful of any. My subject is Purgatory. What are the facts there? Every religion in the world teaches that, after death, man passes through a state or condition in which he is purified, before he can enter into the full possession of his higher consciousness.

There is only one exception to that general rule, and that is the Low Church section of the Protestant Churches, and they repudiate Purgatory for purely historical reasons. There was a time, as you know, when the Roman Catholic Church used the doctrine of Purgatory to collect money from the deluded, by the sale of "indulgences". That led to a revolt and to a reaction, and as part of the reaction, the extreme Protestant washed his hands of Purgatory,—said there is no Purgatory. But such sweeping gestures do not touch the facts. Buddhists, Hindus, Zoroastrians, Mohammedans believe in Purgatory, in some form or other. Even Protestants do, although they will not call it by that name. One of the books on theology which the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country requires to be read by candidates for the Ministry, was written by a Danish clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Martensen, a Lutheran. He has much to say about "the Intermediate State," as "a realm of progressive development, in which souls are prepared and matured for the final judgment", and he frankly admits that his objection to the term, Purgatory, arises from its abuse by the Roman Catholics,—an objection which I, for one, cannot regard as blameworthy.

All the great religions agree—esoterically in any case—that Purgatory, or purification, can be experienced here, while incarnated, as well as on the other side after death; and Purgatory, according to those who have "been there" (and there are plenty of people who have "been there"—Saint Catherine of Genoa perhaps the best known among them),—Purgatory is a process of purification which may become akin to a state of ecstasy, because of what is being achieved. Purification: a state of longing for the love not yet realized, for the vision not yet seen; intense suffering, yes, but suffering with open arms, pain welcomed, and in any case endured gladly because, somehow, to long is to possess; to desire to love, is to love; to suffer intensely, for love's sake, is to know love. Therefore, if life becomes harder, as it may become harder, there are two ways of looking at it: we can think of it, if we choose, as "bad Karma"; can think that we are "hardly put upon". That would be a feeble attitude. But we can think of it differently. Whose life has been perfect, whose personality is so transparent and clear that it will transmit the full light of the soul? Is it not better to welcome the purifying process in this life, rather than accept it only on the other side? Sooner or later it cannot be escaped. How can it be? Purification must take place. I am not speaking, of course, of the major purification, which leads to the "terrace of enlightenment." Reincarnation takes care of that, by providing purification extending over many, many lives. I am speaking now of what might be called the intermediate process: getting rid of the worst of the lower strata of the present personality, so as to be able, when we come to die, to see the truth once more, to see before us our real selves and the real selves of other people, to be able to pass those gates with open eyes, and to greet our friends when we get there. I speak of it because there is comfort and courage in the thought that the sufferings of the present are as nothing compared with what we ought to be able to achieve by means of that suffering; and that if more suffering awaits us, instead of anticipating it with dread, we should see in it an expression of the everlasting mercy, a provision by that mercy for our enlightenment and true joy.

The standing committees having been discharged with thanks, and the thanks of the Convention having been voted to its officers, the Convention adjourned.

ISABEL E. PERKINS,
*Secretary of Convention.*
JULIA CHICKERING,
*Assistant Secretary of Convention.*

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## LETTERS OF GREETING

AUSSIG, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

*To the Members in Convention Assembled:* In the name of the Branch I am asked to send our warmest greetings with heartfelt thanks, wishes and hopes for the future in all works for the Masters.

It was told us that Mr. Judge used to say that if, as a result of his life's work, he were to know when dying that as many as seven people had understood him, he would feel that his work had been a success; but of course he meant to bring seven people into conscious discipleship.

All our efforts may be directed to that great success of him and his followers, to grow in that living power that can bring dry bones to life.

May the blessing of the Masters come over all members of the Society.

HERMANN ZERNDT,
*President, Aussig Branch.*

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* Once again it is my privilege to convey to you our heartiest greetings and good wishes; we shall be with you in heart and mind on this occasion, bridging the distance of physical separateness, for the special meeting we held on Convention Day last year was so successful—spiritually speaking—that we decided to make it a permanent institution. May you then feel our aspiration, our determined will to give, to serve, to the utmost, as we shall be grateful and joyous for the inspiration and encouragement it may be our privilege to receive.

We eagerly look forward to your deliberations each year, and we feel sure that the same warrior spirit, the same stand for truth and righteousness will prevail, as it has done so magnificently in the past. The call to arms was never greater, and when a valiant chieftain has fought the good fight, has kept the faith, and finished his course, it is for us more vigorously to press on to the objective that lies ahead. We therefore heartily welcome this gathering together of the individual spiritual force of the Society, that our souls may be stirred and refreshed for the warfare at our gates. We can appreciate the opportunity for retrospection that the lessons of the past may be learned, as we would seek those keynotes for the future which vision and understanding alone provide.

Let us then awake and come to life as we have never done before. Let us gird on our armour for the fray, and determine that we will be more worthy warriors in so great a Cause; that "from the stronghold of our Souls we will chase all our foes away—ambition, anger, hatred, e'en to the shadow of desire." In some such way as this can we alone repay the debt of loving service rendered, of consecration and self-sacrifice made manifest. In this spirit we gladly send our humble contribution of disinterested effort, of "embodiment", during the past year, and our best wishes, to the Convention. We trust that your deliberations may be strong in faith and purpose and blessed with the Masters' insight. It cannot, then, fail to be a day of joyful and thankful remembrance and an inspiration for the days to come.

E. HOWARD LINCOLN,
*President.*

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AYLSHAM, ENGLAND.

Mrs. Bagnell wrote: As you know, our Norfolk Branch, for the last few years, has tried by means of a special study in April to prepare for Convention, so that we may be more fitted to take part in it spiritually and mentally, as we are not able to be there in person. I believe that we all find this very helpful, and when the comments on the special study come in, they are generally the best of the year.

In many ways this must be a sad Convention, for there are gaps in the ranks of our Leaders that must be painfully felt; but Convention, unless there is something very wrong with it, can never be anything but an occasion of deep gladness, of gratitude and rejoicing, and I am sure that this one will be the same as all the others have been. Indeed I am sure that it will be better still, for each succeeding one must be that; and I hope and pray that it may be a very wonderful one, and that its spirit will not only be felt all through the T. S., but will permeate the whole world and help greatly the work that the Masters are striving to do in it. It seems a very sick world just now, and one that needs help badly, but I think the very fact that so many nations are suffering acutely at present is really an encouraging sign, for it is only by

suffering, by a real agony, that they can hope to rise out of the slough of materialism in which they have been sunk, and to regain spiritual light and life.

. . . In all the tangled welter of world events, it seems to me that we must always try to see the working of the Lodge, and what it is trying to do for the nations; and so it would appear that much which at the time seemed a catastrophe, is being turned wholly to good.

Our Norfolk Branch, by a happy coincidence, began a study of Vol. II of *Letters that have Helped Me* about the same time as the Letters of Mr. Judge appeared in the QUARTERLY, and of course the latter have been of inestimable help to us. They have made much in the history of the T. S. far more clear than ever before, to those who did not actually live through it from the beginning, and it is impossible not to feel the most ardent gratitude to Mr. Judge for all he did for the Movement, and for all he suffered for it; and an intense desire to do one's best to help in carrying on the work for which he literally gave his life.

In sending our greetings and good wishes to members assembled in Convention, I feel sure that all our members here will be resolved to send out to it all the aspiration, all the spirit of unity and true spiritual brotherhood of which they are capable, so that in a very real sense they may be present, and later on may be able to grasp and to put into practice all that is given out in it.

Miss Bagnell wrote:—At this time our thoughts turn constantly towards Convention, and there is now the desire to prepare for it by every means in our power. Recently I read, in the February number of *Blackwood's*, an article which gave a vivid account of a hazardous enterprise undertaken in the true spirit of brotherhood. The task entrusted to a band of some twenty Englishmen, under a splendid leader, was to establish and hold a movable frontier in North Eastern India, and to maintain order among a set of debased native tribes, in the jungle. The work, which called on the utmost resources of courage, loyalty and endurance, from one and all, was accomplished by the united response of the band to the plan of the leader. Such a narrative gives us some understanding of the close ties which unite comrades-in-arms engaged in any true adventure, and it served to illustrate vividly, for me, that bond which underlies the Brotherhood in the T. S. To maintain the frontier line, to hold the outposts of Empire, is a task which must demand incessant vigilance, the result of long and arduous training, gladly undertaken.

There is always, of course, the reverse of the picture, and I find this illustrated in a verse of the prophet Baruch which I can never read without a pang of regret: "Young men have seen the light, and dwelt upon earth, but the way of discipline they have not known, nor understood the paths thereof." The regret comes, of course, for the opportunity wasted through weakness of will, through failure to concentrate on the essential discipline which is provided by the adventure of daily life.

So, whether we read the narratives of adventure with enthusiasm, or the account of failure with regret, both must evoke a renewed determination to concentrate energy on that discipline which is the basis of effective, united action.

At Convention time our thoughts are brought to a focus, in the union of intention and aspiration. May we all gain that illumination of the understanding, which will enable us (individually and as a whole) to work out the details of the task set us.

Our heartfelt good wishes go to Headquarters, and to all who will meet in Convention, whether present in New York, or united in heart throughout the world. May the Masters find true response from one and all, both at Convention time and in all the year that follows.

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OSLO, NORWAY.

*To the Secretary T.S.:* To-day (April 9th) it is three weeks only, and the day of our annual Convention will have come once more. To me, as surely for many others amongst our members, it appears as if each coming Convention is of growing significance, and such surely must also be the fact, seeing that we are all striving towards a goal, and once in the course of *time* this goal shall be attained, presupposing only that we never cease striving. And so we may trust that with each coming Convention we are nearer our goal. On the other hand we are

feeling, I think, that this goal is beyond time and in a sense we may be there every moment. Such a feeling we have in our higher moments, when all within and without is Silence and our hearts are going in love to all being. I think the Convention day is a day when we all are striving in common to unite in this feeling in which there is no sentimentality, but surely a *Prayer:* Thy Kingdom come! Thy will be done! and in every single member the Prayer: May I too be faithful to my trust in the coming year and more and more from moment to moment! Then once the moment shall come when the said feeling is no more limited by time, but having found our Master we understand and realize words such as these: "My meat is to do the will of him who sent me, and to finish his work". And *then* we are living in Eternity, although working still in time.

We intend to have a meeting on the Convention day, and surely we shall with you remember also our "living dead ones", amongst whom is this year also to be numbered Mr. Charles Johnston. And I trust our hearts will go with thanks to all who give their life to our Cause, whether they are in or outside this body of earth. Kindly forward to all members in Convention assembled the sincere greetings of the Oslo Branch.

HENNING DAHL,
*Chairman, Oslo Branch.*

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TORONTO, CANADA.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* Toronto Branch sends fraternal greetings and best wishes for a most successful Convention.

At the very end of the *Key* we read: "If the present attempt, in the form of our Society, succeeds better than its predecessors have done, then it will be in existence as an organized, living and healthy body when the time comes for the effort of the twentieth century. The general condition of men's minds and hearts will have been improved and purified by the spread of its teachings, and, as I have said, their prejudices and dogmatic illusions will have been, to some extent at least, removed. Not only so, but besides a large and accessible literature ready to men's hands, the next impulse will find a numerous and *united* body of people ready to welcome the new torch-bearer of Truth. He will find the minds of men prepared for his message, a language ready for him in which to clothe the new truths he brings, an organization awaiting his arrival, which will remove the mechanical, material obstacles and difficulties from his path. Think how much one, to whom such an opportunity is given, could accomplish."

Yes! Let us think of it and work for it; for does not the making of this splendid ideal into a living reality depend much on our efforts to-day?

There is a saying which is not always true, but is in this case, that nothing succeeds like success. Thanks to our leaders, and the sincere efforts of members everywhere, there is no doubt that The Theosophical Society has had a fair measure of success. In life, success often means failure, one reason being that while the outer man has succeeded, it has been at the cost of the inner; high ideals have been sacrificed to expediency. This is not true of the T.S., and we have cause for thankfulness in the fact. But let us remember that the moment we attempt to rest in the success we have attained, that moment we commence to die.

It is always a great pleasure to read the greetings received from foreign lands where English is not the national language. We think of the different modes of life, and in some cases, limited opportunities as compared with ours, to whom even the use of the language in which so much of our literature is written is a great advantage; and yet do we not feel in their message a language common to us all—the language of the Soul? Salutations to them all.

It has been said of Gautama Buddha that he rose on the shoulders of a million men. We may apply this even to our Convention. The smallest efforts for Theosophy, if sincere and from our hearts, all go to the building up of that force which helps make possible the success which attends these Conventions. One pictures in one's imagination the continuation of these annual gatherings unto that time when the new Messenger arrives. What a Goal to work for!

ALBERT J. HARRIS,
*Secretary.*

WHITLEY BAY, ENGLAND.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled*, the members of the Whitley Bay Branch send fraternal greetings. As the date of the Convention draws nearer, we have the feeling of travellers returning after a long voyage. We seem to have gone out on a voyage of discovery since the last Convention, and at last we have returned home to the meeting place of kindred souls. We have a sense of completeness, of unity, which brings with it a feeling of serenity and peace, and underlying it all is gratitude and appreciation, that as members of The Theosophical Society we belong to something great, something really worthwhile, something which is true and is therefore everlasting. The Wisdom Religion requires a definite attitude towards life, and this requires definite knowledge, and the hours of Convention give us renewed energy for another voyage of discovery and aspiration, with the confirmed knowledge that we are going in the right direction.

Further, we know that this directed aspiration of the members, or even of one member, into the realms of spiritual consciousness, will draw all of us nearer the ideal of Universal Brotherhood through the gateway of the Lodge. To-day we are standing with you shoulder to shoulder, facing in the direction of this gateway, and with hope that the Convention will again mark another step forward in our pilgrimage.

FREDK. A. ROSS,
*President, Blavatsky Lodge.*

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BERLIN-WILMERSDORF, GERMANY.

*To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* Once again that you are congregated for a solemn purpose we beg to transmit to you our heartiest greetings and sincerest wishes for a successful Convention.

We are looking back upon a year of quiet and harmonious work. In this connection we avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by this day to express our deepest gratitude towards all contributors to the QUARTERLY who have given us through its columns every support and enlightenment.

With all friends united at the Convention we think at this hour—with our hearts filled with gratitude—of our leader Mr. Johnston, for us gone home too early, to whom we German members feel especially indebted. His spirit and labour educated us to that spiritual heroism, not even to complain at his death. What a consolation is our belief in the living dead, which fills us with renewed vigour to follow them through the door thus opened!

We are still occupied with the study of the Convention report of 1931, which keeps our hearts and minds open for the influx of its wisdom.

The darkness about us is getting more dense every day; the spirit of opposition is growing; the will "to make reparation" is, to the majority of our people, equal to High Treason. Maybe the ever-growing sorrow and despair will bring about a change, and lead all those who are of good will on to the Right Path.

Our hearts are turned to the Masters. We pray that They may help us—in spite of the darkness surrounding us—to do our work in accordance with Their Will. Convention-Day will find our hearts and souls united with yours!

On behalf of the Wilmersdorfer Study Class,

OSKAR STOLL.
ALFRED FRIEDEWALD.

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POST-RAUBLING, GERMANY.

*To the Members of The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled:* In knowledge of the great privilege and favour it is to share in spirit, heart and mind on this occasion, we send fraternal greetings and good wishes for a successful Convention in 1932.

Afflicted and heavy of heart, we must report that, in Germany, there is no spark or sign of turning to God and his Law, through repentance and expiation, but quite the opposite.

Permit us to speak of Mr. Charles Johnston, whom we came to know personally in 1911. His visit at that time left a continued impression,—the spark in our hearts, which came from

his heart. During the catastrophe of the World War, as darkness overcame us, this spark was living, and although it was almost impossible to see the truth, the interior voice told us: "Mr. Charles Johnston and his friends cannot be wrong; he is right, he is right". The spark became a light by which to see "the waving Colours on the walls": that advance H.P.B. and W. Q. Judge; that advance Jeanne d'Arc 500 years before. We are deeply thankful to all these Messengers of the Lodge, deeply thankful to Mr. Johnston, as members living in Germany, to whom he was once of such great help, and is also to-day. We believe we owe it to him that we are to-day still members of the T.S. We feel painfully his loss in the visible world, but must turn this into devotion and humility, into enthusiasm for the invisible world, thus following his example to us, and accomplishing the will of the Masters and their workers, and becoming worthy of those "waving Colours on the walls".

MAX KOLB.
ELSE KOLB.

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TRIESTE, ITALY.

*To The Theosophical Society in Convention Assembled, New York: Dear Fellow Members,* Since my last greeting, the world's affairs have become every day worse by the absolute spiritual blindness of mankind. Not one can distinguish between the good and the bad, and compromise with the Black Forces is our every-day experience.

I look far over the ocean to you with the hope that the spark of heavenly light may not be permitted to perish and may become in the future the flame, which shall help mankind to find again the hidden Path to the Higher Self, at present completely lost and forgotten.

We are at this time with you, heart and soul, and are sure that the blessings of Convention will be felt by all Members present or far-away.

A. PLINIO.
TH. PLINIO.

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HAMBURG, GERMANY.

While recently reading a book bearing on psychical matters, I came across the following challenge in a discussion between the two opponents:—"If he is in touch with angelic beings, let him give us a philosophy which is higher than mortal mind can evolve". Although it had no allusion to Theosophy, it struck me, on reviewing what I had read in the past 12 months, as applicable to Mme. Blavatsky: That is just what H.P.B. did! The Theosophical philosophy brings to mankind the most beautiful conception of Life, here and hereafter,—the understanding of its sublime character merely being limited by our own limitations. Even the little glimpse I have so far succeeded in obtaining, has been sufficient to convince me of that.

Thinking of the loss of my Father, in the light of Theosophy, and the death of Mr. Johnston and Dr. Keightley, and what was written in the QUARTERLY on these occasions, not to mention the articles in connection with the Centenary of the birth of H.P.B., the book "In Memory of H.P.B.", etc.—Theosophy certainly removes altogether the terrible sting of Death. That alone would be sufficient to wish and pray that mankind would and could accept the comfort and understanding offered in the doctrines given forth in the Wisdom Religion.

HARRY KNOFF.

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ONEAL, ARKANSAS.

*To the Secretary T. S.:* Next Saturday will be Convention day, a day we all look forward to as a day of great privileges to those able to attend; also to those whose hearts and thoughts are true to the purposes of the Movement, and to the Ideal set before us. And if our privileges are great, greater are our responsibilities as representatives in the outer world of the Great White Lodge,—and to the extent that we assimilate the Lodge Ideal, and serve its purposes, we are its representatives.

I just wanted to send a word of sincere greetings to all members at Convention; and how proud I shall be to know of the Unity of heart and purpose which will characterize this most important of all Conventions! I feel that great events are approaching, and may appear sooner than some of us expect.

No need for me to praise the QUARTERLY,—I do not know how to do so—to me, each issue is better than the last; I can but try to be grateful for its teaching, and its influence in the world.

I very greatly appreciate "Reports of proceedings of the N. Y. Branch Meetings".

"Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you", is said to be the "rule and doctrine of Masters of Wisdom",—may it be ours also.

WM. E. MULLINAX.

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AUSSIG, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

*To the Secretary T. S.:* You may believe me this letter I am sending to you comes out of a heart full, full of thankfulness. Thankfulness and love I wish to give with all the longing of my soul, for all the great help and kindness that I have received between Christmas and now. But my gift is small and humble I know—I will trust it to that Master who fed five thousand people with only five barley loaves and two small fishes. It was all his disciples were able to produce—but by his blessing the food was multiplied and the Master stilled the hunger of so many people.

In this way I have faith and trust in the coming Convention, and like the Christian disciples I give all my thankfulness, all my love—as much as I am able—to the great Masters and combatants,—to H. P. Blavatsky, to Mr. Judge, to Mr. Griscom, to Mr. Johnston, and to the leaders of the Society in this time in the outer world—all, all I have so much to thank, including the QUARTERLY.

My letter would not be quite clear to me, if I did not think also of one thing to which every Convention points; it is: to grow into a real combatant for Masters! May the light of the Convention help us in this during the coming year, so that if the Master were to come to us, he may find us watching, and fighting with light and understanding—soldiers in reality!

MARIE WILLKOMM.

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Delegates and members showed deep interest in the reading of Letters of Greeting, including, in addition to the foregoing, letters from Mr. Arthur W. Barrett (Massachusetts); Mr. Birger Elwing (Texas); Miss Evans and Miss Wallace, President and Secretary of the Branch in Denver; Miss Eleanor Evans (England); Miss Anna Fjæstad (Sweden); Miss Gorich and Mrs. Box (California); Mr. Herman F. Hohnstedt, President of the Branch in Cincinnati; Miss E. Howe (England); Mr. O. Ihrke (Germany); Mr. R. Jäger, Treasurer of the Aussig Branch, Czechoslovakia; Mr. González Jiménez, Secretary of the Branch in Caracas; Miss Jennie B. Tuttle (California); Mr. Richard Walther (Germany); Mr. Percy W. Ward, Secretary of the Branch in Gateshead, England; Mr. Friedrich Weber (Germany); Mrs. Rossie Jane Whittle, Secretary of the Branch in Middletown; Mr. Franz Willkomm (Czechoslovakia); cablegrams from Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Bagnell and Miss Bagnell; from Mrs. Raymond (Japan), and telegrams from Captain E. W. Hamlen and Mrs. H. P. Moser.

# REVIEWS

*General Botany for Colleges*, by Dr. R. E. Torrey, Assistant Professor of Botany, Massachusetts State College; The Century Biological Series, Century Co., New York; price, $3.50.

This book was written by an expert who undoubtedly understands his subject as few do, and who owes his understanding in large measure, we believe, to his refusal to regard his "field" as isolated from the rest of the universe,—the stultifying habit of most specialists. The result is a treatise which cannot fail to be of interest and value to everyone who would study life as a whole, as well as to those who make a special study of Botany. Dr. Torrey's conclusion expresses the hope that readers will have derived from his pages a better, deeper, broader vision of evolutionary processes. He adds: "It is not possible or desirable that all of us should become botanists, and in this book the needs of the cultured humanist have been kept in mind, as well as those of the scientist. All of us are human beings first and scientists afterwards, and the laws of evolution which we have seen written in the plant world are the laws of evolution of all life—of your life and of mine. In studying these laws in their universal application you may, if you will, find some of the deepest satisfactions which life has to offer, and, as the years go by, you may slowly win to the concept of a living, organic universe whose highest values are not alien to those of human nature." T.

*The Secret of the Golden Flower*, a Chinese Book of Life, translated and explained by Richard Wilhelm, with a European Commentary by C. G. Jung; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London, 1931; price, 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

The late Richard Wilhelm was a German Sinologue who must have had exceptional endowments, for according to his friend, Dr. Jung, he became "a pupil of a Chinese master of the old school" and "an initiate in the psychology of Chinese yoga." He explains that *The Secret of the Golden Flower* comes from an "esoteric circle" and that it is based upon an oral tradition going back to the Eighth Century. It is supposed to record the instructions of Lü Yen, one of the Eight Taoist Immortals and the reputed founder of the religion of the Golden Elixir of Life. In its actual state, however, the little treatise is clearly a fusion and a mixture of many elements. There seems to have been a deliberate attempt to blend certain Taoist and Buddhist metaphysical teachings. There are also passages which might be Chinese translations of some Indian tantric work on Hatha Yoga or Pranayama. This is not surprising, when one recalls the history of Northern Buddhism. The pure Mahayana doctrines have been frequently travestied by partisans of tantric magic, and when the great Buddhist missionaries entered China they were followed by other missionaries who did not teach Buddhism but a perversion of it. It would have been miraculous if the Chinese had always chosen rightly between the two.

The book offers another difficulty. It is written in a cipher which is susceptible to various interpretations. One must pay due tribute to Wilhelm for the way in which he has unravelled a consistent metaphysical scheme from its sentences. Thus he identifies the "Golden Flower" with the elixir of life, the secret of immortality. "Each individual contains a central monad which, at the moment of conception, splits into life and essence, *ming* and *hsing*. . . . In the personal bodily existence of the individual they are represented by two other polarities,

a *p'o* soul (or *anima*) and a *hun* soul (or *animus*). All during the life of the individual these two are in conflict, each striving for mastery. At death they separate. . . . The *anima* sinks to earth as *kuei*, a ghost being. The *animus* rises and becomes *shên*, a revealing spirit or god. . . . If the life-forces flow downward . . . . into the outer world, the *anima* is victorious over the *animus;* no 'spirit-body' or 'Golden Flower' is developed and, at death, the ego is lost. If the life-forces are led through the 'back-flowing' process, that is, conserved and made to 'rise' instead of allowed to dissipate, the *animus* has been victorious, and the ego persists after death. . . . A man who holds to the way of conservation all through life may reach the stage of the 'Golden Flower', which then frees the ego from the conflict of the opposites, and it again becomes part of *Tao*, the undivided Great *One*" (p. 73). There are remarkable analogies between these concepts and the theosophical teaching concerning Buddhi-Manas and Kama-Manas, the spiritual and animal souls in man.

The work prescribes certain yoga exercises which are intended to initiate the process of the "interiorization" and immortalization of the ego. One may give the Chinese "esotericists" the benefit of the doubt and assume that they attributed a mystical and spiritual meaning to the description of these exercises. But the practices outlined in the text can only be described as tantric, in so far as they are ostensibly concerned with the methods of stimulating certain nerve-centres in the physical body. The literal and obvious meaning of the words suggests that the "Golden Flower" may be cultivated by the control of the breath and by "fixing one's thinking on the point which lies exactly between the two eyes." The dangerous illusions which are nourished by such injunctions are fortunately lessened by the incompleteness of the instructions, as also by the fact that the average Western reader will not have the slightest idea as to what it is all about.

Dr. Jung, the Swiss psychiatrist, has his own private key to the cipher of this "Book of Life". He has the highest praise for the Chinese sages whom he greets as brother-psychiatrists. Their object, he believes, was the same as his,—to reconcile and to harmonize the demands of the subconscious instinctive self with the demands of the self-conscious and rational ego. The psychic conditions which accompany the process of reconciliation "are expressed symbolically in our text, and in the very symbols which, for many years, have been well-known to me in my practice" (p. 93). He is not concerned with the possible objective reality of the "Golden Flower" or with the actual technique of Chinese yoga, for he has the circumscribed mind of the specialist and tends to assimilate only that aspect of an idea which can be adapted to his specialty. It follows that Dr. Jung's commentary is a very interesting revelation of Dr. Jung's theories, but that it has very little to do with the mysterious reaches of consciousness to which the Chinese book points, because those reaches are beyond the narrow domain which the psychiatrist lights up with his little lantern.

There is one point which cannot be passed over in silence. Speaking of the Occidental who ruins body and spirit in the attempt to take over Oriental yoga practices, Dr. Jung says that "Theosophy is our best example of this mistake" (p. 79). It is a regrettable fact that many people who call themselves Theosophists have by their behaviour given others a very false view of Theosophy. Dr. Jung may rest assured that members of The Theosophical Society founded by Madame Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge are not in the habit of practising Hatha Yoga anywhere at any time, for they have too much respect for the Wisdom of the East to imagine that it can be acquired in this way. S.V.L.

*Moral and Religious Aphorisms*, by Benjamin Whichcote; Elkin Mathews and Marrot, London, 1931; price 7*s.* 6*d.*

After an interval of nearly two hundred years, this devotional treasure of the seventeenth century is republished. An introduction by Dean Inge—in his better manner, entirely free from "modernistic" suggestions—gives the historical setting of the book, and indicates its value. In seventeenth century England, there arose two groups of men—laymen and ecclesiastics in each group—who inherited the Renaissance tradition (see "Eastern Influences in Mediæval Christendom", THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, April, 1932), and made it their endeavour to win recognition for the *realities* of Christian thought and life as distinct from theological

*dogma*. "They tried to knit again the threads which had been severed by the long isolation of the West from the East" (p. IV). One group, Royalist and High Church, centred at Oxford, around Lord Falkland; the other, Puritan and Low Church, worked at the sister university, Cambridge, and hence is known as the Cambridge Platonists. Dr. Benjamin Whichcote (1609-1683) was the leader of the second group. As head of Emmanuel College (Cambridge), Whichcote directed his own pupils to the study of Plato and Plotinus, for the elucidation of St. Paul, his general aim being to "recall the Church to her old loving nurse, the Platonic philosophy" (p. VI). The influence of that seventeenth century movement was silent, but potent, and "no one can doubt", Dean Inge writes, "that Coleridge and Wordsworth were in the line of succession" (p. IX).

As a result of the unusual stand made at Oxford and at Cambridge, for *experience* as distinct from *dogma*, in the last quarter of the seventeenth century there were produced many works of a mystical character. Sermons of Bishop William Beveridge (1637-1708) are one example. Another example is a small treatise entitled *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, by Henry Scougal (1650-1678), an obscure Scotch clergyman who died in his twenty-eighth year. That the writings of Beveridge and of Scougal should be studied by the brothers Wesley (John was born 1703) while students at Oxford, is not surprising. It does surprise, however, to learn that Scougal's tiny volume was carried to Virginia by Scotch emigrants, was noticed there by Anglican missionaries who had the book reprinted at Philadelphia, first in 1725, and again in 1795. A copy of that later edition found its way to Emerson (born 1803, one century after John Wesley), who studied, marked, and annotated it. Truly, as Tennyson has so beautifully said, "the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Books by Whichcote are scarce, and could hardly be expected to circulate widely. The present edition gives an opportunity to obtain, "in black and white", from an orthodox Anglican ecclesiastic, words that support and reinforce certain theosophical teachings,—for xample: "Both Heaven and Hell have their foundations within us. Heaven is an internal reconciliation to the nature of God, and to the rule of Righteousness. The guilt of conscience, and enmity to Righteousness, is the inward state of Hell. The guilt of conscience is the fuel of Hell."

Some sermons by Whichcote and his associates were republished in 1901 (after one hundred and sixty years) by the Clarendon Press, under the title, *The Cambridge Platonists*, E. T. Campagnac being the editor. Those interested in the subject should watch in old book shops for that volume, which now is out of print. C.

*The Vision of God: The Christian Doctrine of the Summum Bonum;* The Bampton Lectures for 1928, by the Rev. Kenneth E. Kirk; Longmans, Green & Co., 1931; price, $10.00.

This book is of great interest and value. It is addressed to serious students of Christian thought; and though its method is that of German "thoroughness", it fortunately is without German pedantry, and contains justly severe strictures on some German scholarship. The unfolding of Christian history at its very heart and centre—the Vision of God—draws us closer to the hidden springs of merely outward action, and so, for students of Theosophy, gives something of a perspective of Lodge activities and Lodge achievements. The literature covered is enormous; there are acute critiques of ancient and modern writers; fundamental principles are not lost to sight in the wealth of illustrative detail; and, as a result, the final conclusion, so far as it goes, gathers irresistible force: "Worship stands out as the only means by which service can be purged of a self-centredness which renders it all but unserviceable; and the doctrine that man's first duty is to look towards God in the spirit of worship, which is the fundamental truth implied in the Christian thought of the vision of God, receives its vindication" (p. 463). At a time when many in the Theosophical Movement are looking for "God-instructed men to lead the nations", the formal and conspicuous reassertion in Christian terms of such a need for Vision first, and only then of "service", is important and significant.

Nevertheless, the limitations imposed by certain fundamental conceptions in this outstanding book, would almost certainly bring about once again the rejection of men of true

Vision, and the denial of their message, if they should appear conspicuously among us to-day. These eight lectures, elaborated after delivery, survey the history of Christian thought and action on the main purpose and avowed aim of all Christian endeavour. That purpose, and that end, are epitomized in the phrase, "The Vision of God". This ideal is all-embracing, because it includes "salvation", it includes "the kingdom", it involves "eternal life" (p. 466). "The pure in heart shall see God", and, as Irenæus paraphrased: "The glory of God is a living man; and the life of man is the vision of God". But what was meant by "seeing God"? And above all, by what discipline and course of life might such a vision be attained?

Christianity, like Hinduism or Buddhism, has provided many answers, from extremes of mere Formalism to extremes of Asceticism and Mysticism, arising out of the widely varying mental and spiritual degrees of development of its followers. Looking back over nineteen hundred years of Christian thought and experiment, Dr. Kirk is convinced that a compromise between the extremes of mysticism on one side, and of a mere Protestant "system of moral law" (p. 429) on the other, has evolved the highest conception yet conceived of what the Vision of God should really be. It may now be seen as proved from the Christian experience so ably traced in this book, that a rich and fruitful life in the world, a life of true "service", cannot be attained unless based on "worship", and actuated first and foremost by the high and true experience of some Vision of God. This is an advance on the earlier attitude of the Church;—but Dr. Kirk fails to point out that this earlier attitude was in itself a compromise, was what virtually amounted to a lowering of its colours. When persecutions ceased, and men became Christians by a simple affirmation of adherence and the administration of an outer rite of baptism, the high ascetic ideals and rigorous discipline of, let us say, a St. Paul, were utterly beyond the understanding, let alone the attainment, of the worldly majority. An almost inevitable consequence was the acceptance of a "double standard" or "two lives" —the active and the contemplative—rendered classic in St. Augustine's "Two Cities" (p. 330), —though it is noteworthy that this compromise was rejected by the Theosophical Schools at Alexandria, and notably by the theosopher Clement of Alexandria (p. 314). Already men were perforce acting in the light of their own best knowledge, because full and higher understanding of the Master Christ's teaching had been overlaid. The Buddha had founded his Order—a specially selected group within the Buddhist community, which latter, like the Christian community, split up into churches—and the highest mystical teachings, and Vision, could be sought and found in the Order by those desirous of devoting their lives to that end. But Christianity failed to maintain outwardly the original foundation of the Master Christ. In the course of time, the exoteric Religious Orders provided a partial substitute; but these were one and all founded by men—however wise and devout—and were, moreover, regulated and supervised by the ecclesiastical hierarchy, their rules and discipline modified by its decrees. A thousand years of actual experiment with monasticism followed, during which time the Contemplative Life was held up as the only safe way and true means of attaining the Vision of God in this life. But the actual institution was not an unqualified success; corruption became scandalous; and the very nature of the ideal excluded the ordinary man and tended to deny him the possibility of genuine, independent attainment. The experiment of the "Two Lives"—the life dedicated to Vision, and the life dedicated to action—was seen to be inadequate. In effect, both, each in its own way, had become largely "Formalist". So finally Benedict XIV officially proclaimed, what Bernard of Clairvaux and Ignatius Loyola first popularly taught, that the "Mixed Life" was the ideal life, conforming to the teaching and example of Christ himself.

But here a new difficulty had to be met; and Dr. Kirk does not solve the problem: he meets it—with virtually all the Churchmen of to-day—by a compromise. Because the Church as a whole cannot vicariously transmit its own highest vision (as still exemplified by its contemplatives and "mixed-life" religious), the practical ideal of the Mixed Life has been lowered to accommodate the limitations and demands of the majority of men, who are worldly-minded and who intend to remain so. Moreover, where, to-day, are there Churchmen who dare to appeal to actual *vision*, to first-hand experience? What reception would they get if they did? Where are the seers officially recognized as such? It is true, as Dr. Kirk concludes, that:

"Like can only be seen by like—it is therefore only as worship creates in him some likeness to the character of Jesus that the Christian can achieve his goal" (p. 467)—but the ideal of a possible achievement is actually as limited as the words "some likeness" are indefinite. The Vision of God has been, for practical purposes, lowered to the level of an ordinary man's comprehension. Fortunately, Dr. Kirk not only does not decry, he staunchly maintains the validity and desirability of higher, of mystical, experience. But he can only see Plato's doctrine of "reminiscence" as "mythical" (p. 212); he describes "Christian gnosticism and the theosophies of contemporary paganism" as "not so much an endemic disease" as "an epidemic of the whole of contemporary thought" (p. 212); and, sympathetic as he means to be, he is so led away by modern hard-headed "scholarship" that he writes: "The most generous appreciation of Philo, or the apocalyptists, or the mysteries, or the 'Hermetica', must admit that here and there at least they may have been victims of illusion—it was not always God with whom they had communion, when they thought they saw Him. . . . Sometimes they merely reproduce the conventional jargon of contemporary theosophies. . . . Their quest was primarily a selfish one; their motive to secure for themselves, either here or hereafter, an all-absorbing religious experience. For reasons which become clearer as we proceed, the Church undertook the amazing task of transforming this self-centred cult of the divine into an ideal of disinterested worship and service. In doing so she altered the entire doctrine of the vision of God" (p. 54).

This last statement is a true one, though its writer fails to appreciate its significance. Of Occultism he knows nothing; for him it is completely swallowed up in its counterfeits. Insisting that the counterfeits are the only real, it becomes inconceivable that Christ should be an Occultist, with all that that implies. Because he does not see the logical necessity of a Lodge of Masters—of "just men made perfect"—even in the sense of a vital and acting communion of saints, with its corollary of chêlaship and the path of discipleship; because he *denies* reincarnation; and because he sees a man's opportunity here only in terms of one life, Dr. Kirk can write about "turning the other cheek, about taking no thought for the morrow, about laying up no treasure on earth, about forsaking parents and possessions, about bearing the cross", as extremes: "The spirit which pervades them constitutes *an erratic block* in the teaching of Jesus whose provenance—other than his direct intuition of supernatural truth—must for the moment remain unknown" (p. 63); or again: "S. Luke included the wife among the list of persons whom the disciple must 'hate', or 'leave'—a very *sinister* addition to the Marcan source" (p. 75; italics in both instances ours). How could it be otherwise? Rule out Theosophy—"The Wisdom of God and the Power of God"—rule out Masters as custodians and interpreters of that Wisdom, rule out the full significance of the Incarnation in the light of the ancient teaching of Avatars, rule out the training of chêlaship and the inner development and age-long evolution of the spiritual man as the goal of human evolution, rule out the very possibility of coming to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven for the simple reason that there really are no such mysteries to know—at least not here and now—and why should not common sense and an enlightened worldly wisdom pronounce judgment on the extreme intuitions of "supernatural truth", vaunting the elimination of inexplicable or inconvenient texts as "higher criticism"; and why should one's vision be directed *wholly* away from "this" world, and centred *wholly* in that "other" world?

One puts down this book grateful to the author for his intellectual integrity, his stimulating erudition, his life-long labours, his sound worldly sense. But with the light of Theosophy, as restated and interpreted for us by Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, this book makes one realize anew the present-day need for Theosophy itself, and why it was that the Movement of this century re-emphasized just the teachings that it has. There is something tragic in the thought that so much labour, such erudition linked with sterling honesty of purpose, should, for lack of certain keys which were the common property of the priesthoods two millenniums ago, serve to confirm Churchmen in the rightness of their ignorance. One comes to realize also something of the magnitude of the task the Lodge has undertaken in striving to show men a way out, and "to make men wish to walk in it when shown". S.

*Ancient Civilizations of the Andes*, by Philip Ainsworth Means; Scribners, 1931; price, $7.50.

One has fascinating but vague notions about the Incas. One has heard that they had a great Empire, that they built magnificent forts, and temples where they worshipped the Sun under the image of a huge disk of pure gold, and that their buried treasure is still undiscovered.

If one should wish to find out everything so far known about the civilizations of the Andes, the Empire of the Chimus and the Empire of the Incas, he should read Mr. Means' book. At a time when the body politic of the West seems so sick, it is helpful to read of the rise and fall of ancient nations. Mr. Means draws some very interesting comparisons and contrasts between their problems and our own. His book is written in a charming style, with a gaiety and humour all too rare in archæologists. ST. C. LAD.

*Thought Transference (or What?) in Birds*, by Edmund Selous; London, Constable & Company; price, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Based on years of exceedingly careful and thoughtful observation, this little volume studies the collective or mass movements of birds, and comes to the inescapable conclusion that: "Thought-transference, so it seems to me, in so far as it can be held to explain, is the *only* explanatory hypothesis that can be offered" (p. 61). The author goes even further in his most suggestive hypotheses: "I am considering only the problem of collective action, and would ask how is it possible for an extended troop of hundreds of birds to rise all together from the ground, at one and the same instant, as though threaded on a labyrinthine wire, except through an impulse acting upon them in their entirety, as upon one individual? At the least there must be thought-transference, but perhaps it is even something more, the units of which the flock is composed seeming here to take the place of the different cells in the brain of such single units, so that the impulse to action comes, as one may say, from the flock brain to the flock body" (pp. 42–3). He argues also that if thought-transference can be shown to exist in nature independently of man, it removes all scientific prejudice against its appearance in man as a normally possible development of his faculties. By way of commentary on this unusually interesting book, we might quote Madame Blavatsky (*Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge*, I, p. 13): "Even on this plane of ours there are other and various intellects, besides those of man, in creatures visible and invisible, from minds of subjective high and low Beings to objective animals and the lowest organisms, in short, 'from the Deva to the elephant, from the elemental to the ant'. Now, in relation to its own plane of conception and perception, the ant has as good an intellect as we have ourselves, and a better one; for though it cannot express it in words, yet, over and above instinct, the ant shows very high reasoning powers, as all of us know. Thus, finding on our own plane—if we credit the teachings of Occultism—so many and such varied states of consciousness and intelligence, we have no right to take into consideration and account only our own human consciousness, as though no other existed outside of it." Q.

*The Samaritans of Molokai*, by Charles Dutton; Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1931; price, $3.00.

Most people have heard of the leper colony on Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Islands, but few realize that they have heard of it because of the heroic work of Father Damien and Joseph Dutton, who transformed it from a veritable hell into the "model leper colony of the world". All of us have a private collection of heroes whom we love personally, and we shall place these two men in our own.

Father Damien, a Belgian priest, hearing of the horrible state of the lepers exiled on Molokai, volunteered to go to them and left that very day on his mission. He found the lepers living in almost indescribable conditions of misery, starvation, filth and degradation. Entirely alone, he organized the colony, built them houses, tended their wounds, ministered to their needs, material and spiritual, and wrested from the authorities food, clothing and supplies. He himself contracted leprosy. When he discovered it, he simply began his morning sermon "We lepers", instead of "Brothers", as before.

Joseph Dutton was an American who had served with a magnificent record in the Civil

War. Reading of the work of Damien and of the needs of the lepers, he went at once to Molokai. For practically forty years he never left the colony. He says, "Seek a vacation? Why, I have a vacation all the time, every blessed moment of the time, every moment of all these blessed years, in doing what I like, what I think my soul needs. Anything else would be slavery." He did not contract the disease, but lived to the age of eighty-seven to carry on the work. When he died in 1931, the colony had become what it is now, as healthy and pleasant a place as possible in such circumstances.

Students of Theosophy can read this book with profit, for they may learn from the lives of Father Damien and Brother Dutton something of the qualities required in the work of the Great Lodge. ST. C. LAD.

*The Person of Evolution*, by W. D. Lighthall, LL.D. (McGill); Macmillan, 1930; price, $2.00.

Dr. Lighthall has adopted, as a working hypothesis, the idea that the living organism is a "model of the make-up of the known universe". His "Person of Evolution" is a sort of Planetary Spirit, the synthesis and united life of all creatures upon this earth. But though it is a synthesis, it is also to be regarded as a defined and individual consciousness. It is, therefore, both transcendent and immanent, unknowable by all lesser entities because it is, in a sense, distinct from them, but also knowable in as much as it is "so closely associated with the individual self as to raise the question of a larger Self" (p. 26). As the physical body of an animal or plant is both a colony of cells and an organized unit, so the "Person of Evolution" is both a Person and a colony of many lesser persons. He avoids theological implications by refusing to identify the "Person of Evolution" with Deity, but he is convinced that it is a "Directive Power", a "vast consciousness-structure [in the universe] operating upon and through its physical structure, whose urge is towards the achievement of measureless happiness" (p. 106). It provides "a new element for guidance in discussions of the nature of the Outer Universe. The physicists are naturally limited to structure and order, the biologists to conditions of terrestrial life. The Directive Power comes straight out of the outer universe and gives meaning, intelligence and resource to Energy" (p. 200).

Dr. Lighthall's theory has many affinities with certain fundamental tenets of mystical philosophy. Mystics and occultists have always affirmed that "the universe is everywhere conscious and organized in higher and higher circles of life, of which the nearest to us is our globe itself, of which we and all things upon it are organs". However, the arguments of the mystic are more convincing than Dr. Lighthall's, because the mystic bases his assertions upon the data of a genuine science of consciousness. Dr. Lighthall seeks the main support of his thesis in modern physics and biology. It is impossible to "prove" the fact of consciousness by any reference to the data of these sciences, for the simple reason that the modern scientist deliberately disregards consciousness as a factor in his calculations. His purpose, which he effectively achieves within certain limits, is to record and to measure the phenomena of the objective world. There is only one way of gaining certitude about any state of consciousness, and that is to have an immediate experience of that state in one's own consciousness.

However, Dr. Lighthall has written an interesting and valuable book. He has failed to prove his theory, but this does not mean that his theory is not a good one. Above all, he has proved that he possesses the precious faculty of intellectual intuition. V. S.

*Fragments*, Volume One, by Cavé; Quarterly Book Department, New York; price, $1.50.

All students of Theosophy will welcome a new edition of this book. The Mosher Press has been very successful in duplicating the original edition which was printed by the DeVinne Press of New York. To cover the cost, the price of each of the three volumes of *Fragments* has been raised to $1.50. There can be no need to speak here of the immense value of these little treatises on discipleship and the spiritual life. It is a hopeful sign that there is a steady demand for all three volumes. E.T.H.

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 371.—*When striving to escape from a stereotyped "saying of prayers" into real praying, to whom should one speak,—to the Logos, or the Higher Self, or each to his own Master if he knows who He is?*

ANSWER.—Prayer presupposes, always, the recognition of a power higher than oneself. The real concern of the one who prays is not the name by which to identify this power, but to turn the prayer, which with the ordinary man is merely *petition*, into *will* prayer. This demands, not the craven asking of a Higher Power to do this or that in behalf of the one who prays, but postulates, on his part, a desire to share in the will of that Power, and an unflinching determination to carry out that will in whatever degree it may be indicated. As he loves and seeks to do this will, it will be revealed to him. As he makes his co-operation conscious and continuous, he will begin to distinguish to *What* or to *Whom* he speaks, through having earned the right to such knowledge.

Such is the attitude and prayer of the disciple. He does not attempt to shift his responsibility as does the ordinary man of the world. He does not ask some Power arbitrarily to solve his problems for him. He co-operates manfully and whole-heartedly in working them out. To the extent to which he co-operates, he puts himself on a footing with his comrades of the Inner World, and comes to know them as they are. G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—The simpler one keeps it, the better. Real prayer is communion, an interchange. If one is striving to escape from mere repetition of words into real praying, one is only, in a sense, at the starting-point of effort. At that stage, is it conceivable that there can be communion with the Logos? At that stage, too, fancied communion with the Higher Self may turn out to be only a brisk interchange of words with the Lower Nature.

The first step would appear to be identification with the Higher Self, the constant holding of the thought that, in the words of Mr. Judge, "I am the Higher Self". The ensuing step, whether or not that identification is final and complete, would be the attempt to reach one's own Master, whether or not one knows who he is; and, having made that attempt, the third step would be to listen.

Stereotyped prayers, the following of ritual and the repetition of words hallowed and sanctified by the aspiration and devotion of countless numbers of people, possess a reality and an efficacy of their own. They can be used to concentrate the attention, and the reality in them fortifies the effort, until there comes that movement of the heart which makes communion possible. C. R. A.

ANSWER.—What makes one wish to escape from the stereotyped "saying of prayers", to real prayer? In that desire is the key to the answer. Real prayer is the longing for union, for likeness, the yearning of the soul for its home. We should use our intuition, the intuition of the heart. If one does not know the name of his Master, it is of no great consequence. A Master's love for his children is not changed by their knowledge or ignorance of his name.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—One cannot pray to an abstraction. Prayer is an intimate, personal relation with one's Master when one knows who he is; when He is not known, the aspiration and longing to know Him would reach Him, as the Lodge is a brotherhood, and a real appeal would never be lost or ignored. In that world, we are told, a real desire or need is *always* met.

G. H. M.

ANSWER.—There could surely be no fixed rule, for each soul has its own special needs and aspirations; each soul responds to special conditions. The heart of each must be the guide. "Prayer is a mystery, an occult process", says the *Key to Theosophy*, where we read (pages 45-6) about "will prayer", and that the occultist addresses his prayer to " 'our Father in heaven' in its esoteric meaning". In a letter to "Mrs. S." (*Quarterly*, Vol. XI, pages 167-8), Cavé wrote: "My idea of prayer, personally, is conversation with the Master—very intimate, adoring conversation, which leads to communion with him: an interchange, and then a sense of union". Is there any essential difference between these? The important issue is the "spiritual transmutation", by whatever approach that spiritual transmutation be attained.

T. A.

QUESTION NO. 372—*Although we are told that Masters do not always agree as to details of procedure, is it not true that in all that pertains to the salvation of mankind they agree perfectly?*

ANSWER.—Masters undoubtedly agree perfectly on what they are seeking to accomplish for mankind. There is no difference of purpose or of opinion about the goal, but there may be different views in regard to the wisdom of particular steps at particular times, when success or failure depends upon the response from the world, or upon the continued fidelity of weak human agents. The decision to entrust so much of the ancient wisdom to The Theosophical Society, will only be justified if we, its members, prove ourselves faithful to our trust. While there may not be agreement in advance among Masters about the expediency of any particular step, we may be sure that, once it has been determined upon, every Master works to the uttermost for its success.

J. F. B. M.

ANSWER.—They must; otherwise they would be working at cross purposes. Take ourselves, members of The Theosophical Society, for example. We do not all follow the same details of procedure. What a cut and dried affair it would be if we did! But we do agree as to the main object of the Society: "to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity." If we did not so agree we should be working at cross purposes, and the Society probably would go the way of former outer expressions of the Movement.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—It would be difficult indeed not to believe that Masters see eye to eye in regard to the real needs of humanity, the possibilities for spiritual growth and development latent in men or in groups of men. Any failure on their part to agree among themselves, could only be as to the most effective ways and means to adopt, at any given moment of time, for the accomplishment of their united purpose.

C. R. A.

ANSWER.—The salvation of mankind is the main interest of Masters in this world. Masters differ widely in characteristics, as they have infinitely more forceful individualities than ordinary men, which naturally and inevitably leads to differences in method; but this would involve no real disagreement.

G. H. M.